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## OCTOBER MEETING, 1882.

The regular meeting was held at the Society's rooms in Tremont Street, Boston, on Thursday, the 12th instant, at 3 o'clock P.M.; the senior Vice-President, Dr. GEORGE E. ELLIS, in the chair.

The record of the previous meeting was read and accepted.

The Librarian's monthly report of the donations to the Library was presented, in the absence of that officer, who attended the Webster commemoration at Marshfield, which occurred this same day, in his official capacity as Mayor of the city of Boston. The gifts included the fourth volume of the "Acts and Resolves of the Province of Massachusetts Bay," 1759-68, from the Commonwealth, of which work our associates, Messrs. Ellis Ames and Abner C. Goodell, are the competent editors; and "The Boundary Disputes of Connecticut," by Clarence W. Bowen, from Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, Jr. This volume contains several maps and charts, in the last of which the present boundaries of Connecticut, as settled by agreement between that State and New York, and ratified by the Congress of the United States at the session of 1880-81, are published for the first time. Mr. Alexander McReel, of Athol, had given the manuscript orderly book of the company of militia raised in Petersham, Massachusetts, under the command of Captain Ephraim Stearns, which served for about three months in Colonel John Rand's regiment, as part of the garrison of West Point in 1780, at the time of Arnold's treason.\*

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\* The officers of the company were: Ephraim Stearns, Captain; Benjamin Townsend and John Rogers, Lieutenants; Timothy Metcalf, Luther Stevens, Elisha Sears, and Hopestill Jenison, Sergeants; and Simon Heald and Jonathan Smith (with two vacancies), Corporals. Nathaniel Phillips was fifer. A list of ninety-four men follows the names of these officers.

The orders of Aug. 6, 1780, contain the announcement: "The Hon. General Arnold takes command in this department. Head-quarters, Robinson's House." On September 25, when the treason became known, at 8 P.M., the following "after orders" are issued: "One captain, one subaltern, three sergeants, and fifty rank and file to be turned out immediately with arms and blankets. The captain will wait on Col. Wade for orders."

The ink in which the latest entries in the book are written has faded very much, but we are able to decipher, with difficulty, these "after orders," bearing date, 2 A.M., September 26: "The following disposition of the troops to take place immediately, and officers commanding regiments and corps will be careful to have their men completed with arms and ammunition, and every thing in the

The Corresponding Secretary read a letter from Mr. William E. Hartpole Lecky, accepting his election as an Honorary Member.

The Council reported that the heirs of the late Dr. Isaac Winslow, of Marshfield, had united in an agreement to transfer the Winslow family portraits and other articles placed in the Cabinet of this Society as a deposit about fifty years ago, to the custody of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, whose hall has lately been made a secure depository for memorials of the Pilgrim Fathers.

After explanatory remarks by Mr. Winslow Warren, the following vote was adopted:—

*Voted*, To surrender the portraits and other articles reclaimed by Mr. Isaac Winslow, of Hingham, in behalf of himself and others, whenever the Cabinet-keeper shall receive a satisfactory acknowledgment from all the heirs of Dr. Isaac Winslow, late of Marshfield.\*

The TREASURER stated that the principal of the Massachusetts Historical Trust Fund had, by accumulation of interest, now reached the sum of ten thousand dollars, the limit assigned by the vote passed by the Society, June 14, 1877. He offered, with the approval of the Council, the following order, which was adopted:—

*Voted*, That the sum of \$157.87, being a part of the income of the Massachusetts Historical Trust Fund for the year ending Sept. 1, 1882, be and hereby is appropriated toward the publication of the "Trumbull Papers."

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most perfect order for immediate action. Officers commanding regiments will take, with their own regiments, those regiments that are divided by the field officers of the same agreeably to seniority. *Positions*: Col. Ward's regiment at Fort Arnold; Col. Bartlet's at Fort Putnam; Col. Murray to send one hundred men to Fort Willis, and the regiment to Fort Webb; Col. Rand's regiment to be divided equally between redoubts Nos. 1 and 2; Col. Thayer's at Nos. 3 and 4. All the draughted artificers to join their respective regiments immediately. Major Bauman will have every thing in his department in order for immediate action." — *Eds.*

\* This deposit consisted of the portraits of Governor Edward Winslow, Governor Josiah Winslow, Mrs. Penelope Winslow, General John Winslow, Dr. Isaac Winslow, John Winslow, and Mrs. Alice Wensley; the sword of General Winslow, the coat-of-arms of the Winslow family, an arm-chair, and a large round table. The chair and table were returned to Mr. Isaac Winslow by vote of the Society at their meeting in December, 1881. With that gentleman's consent, and by authority of the Council, the Cabinet-keeper has caused a fine copy of the portrait of Governor Edward Winslow to be made by Mr. Edgar Parker, for the Society's Cabinet. — *Eds.*

Mr. CHARLES DEANE placed upon the table a photographic reproduction of the interesting map known as Cabot's *mappe-monde*, preserved among the treasures of the National Library at Paris. This map was found in Germany in 1843, and acquired by the Paris library the following year. It is a printed map, but the only copy known. A description of it was prepared by the eminent scholar, M. d'Avezac, and published in the "Bulletin" of the French Geographical Society for 1857, 4th ser. vol. xiv. pp. 268-270. M. Jomard included it in his "Monuments de la Géographie," and this learned editor intended to prepare a volume of *texte*, which should include the historical inscriptions, or *légendes*, on the sides of this map, but his death interrupted the work. There are seventeen of these inscriptions in duplicate, that is to say, in Spanish and Latin, and a few others in Spanish only. From one of them we get the well-known extract that John Cabot, a Venetian, and Sebastian, his son, discovered a country hitherto unknown, in the year 1494 [1497], on the 24th of June, about five o'clock in the morning. The landfall is laid down at Cape Breton. All these inscriptions are reproduced in the photograph now presented.

Mr. Deane said that he would not now give a more full description of the map, or enter into any discussion of the different opinions concerning it, nor of the questions raised by it. He contented himself with giving an account of the attempts that had been made to obtain a good copy of the map and its legends. Having occasion to make a study of the Cabot voyages last winter, he was obliged to send to Paris for copies to be made of several of the inscriptions, at a large expense. On receiving these, Mr. Winsor, the Librarian of Harvard College, suggested that it was practicable to have a photographic copy taken of the Paris map, with its inscriptions; that the experiment was worth making, if the authorities of the National Library would consent. As Mr. Winthrop, the President of this Society, was about to sail for Europe, the matter was laid before him, and he readily entered into the scheme; and, thanks to his kind intervention during his late visit to Paris, all the difficulties have been overcome, and the photograph is a great success. The expense was considerable; but as a dozen copies could be taken about as cheaply as one, it has been divided among several subscribers, for prominent American libraries. This, an advance copy, has been sent to this Society as a gift from the President; and the additional copies, ten in number, will soon arrive for distribution.

The following votes, offered by Mr. Deane, were adopted:—

*Voted*, That the thanks of the Society be presented to the President, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, LL.D., for his successful intervention in securing photographic copies of the Cabot map in the National Library at Paris, and also for his generous gift of a copy of the photograph to this Society.

*Voted*, That the Cabot map, just communicated to the Society, be referred to a committee to be appointed by the chair.

The Vice-President appointed as the committee, Messrs. Deane, Winsor, and G. Dexter.

The Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D.D., spoke as follows of his late visit to Nazing, in England:—

While in London, a few weeks ago, I received a letter from a brother living in Georgia, who advised me, if I had a day to spare, to visit one of the cradles of our race, only a few miles from the metropolis. He told me that some of our ancestors came from Nazing in the "Lyon," the same ship which in 1631 brought to Boston John Eliot and others, who settled around Stony Brook, in Roxbury. Nazing is a village in Essex, six miles beyond Waltham Cross and Waltham Abbey. Waltham Abbey is fourteen miles from London, and is on the river Lea,—a stream made famous as that where Isaak Walton loved to fish.

Stirred by this suggestion, I set off with some friends one fine day at the end of August, and soon found myself at Waltham Abbey. This is a church so ancient that a part of it dates back to a period before the Conquest. Somewhere in the churchyard repose the remains of Harold, the last Saxon king. In a corner of this churchyard is the shop kept by W. Winters, an enthusiastic antiquary, who very kindly consented to accompany us to Nazing. Our drive led us through pleasant fields, and along a road which has not been changed for many hundred years. Along this road came John Eliot and his companions, escaping to the dreary solitudes of New England, to its rude climate and many hardships, counting themselves happy thus to escape the rage and cruelty of the rulers of the English Church.

The houses in Nazing are much the same as they were in 1631. William Curtis, who married Sarah Eliot, the sister of the Apostle John Eliot, built a house in Roxbury, Massachusetts, on Stony Brook, in 1639. This house is still stand-

ing, and is occupied by his descendant in the seventh generation. William Curtis was the ancestor of most of the families of Curtis in New England ; and I am also descended from him through my grandmother Clarke, whose maiden name was Martha Curtis. The old house is one of a kind frequently seen in Massachusetts ; being two stories high in front and only one behind, thus having a long roof in the rear. Such houses originally faced the south, and were meant to get all the sun on that side, and escape as much of the northern blasts as possible. But as men often continue a custom from habit or example, when the original reason is forgotten, we sometimes find houses of this form facing north or east instead of south. In such instances, I believe, it will be found that they were built in the eighteenth century, and not in the seventeenth. At all events, the oldest of these residences face the south. I saw a similar form of house in Nazing, and think it probable that the original settlers of New England brought it with them from Old England.

The old church of Nazing stands on a little eminence, and by ascending to the top of the tower I was able to look over parts of four counties. The tower, like the church, was built in courses of limestone and flint. In ascending I had to push my way through the remains of the nests made by many generations of rooks, who had inhabited the old tower. The church itself consisted of a nave and one aisle, in which last are still shown the old oaken seats on which John Eliot and William Curtis sat as boys, with Ruggles, Heath, Graves, Payson, Peacock, and others, who afterward emigrated to Roxbury. As I looked down from the tower, I saw Epping Forest in the distance, and nearer the wild, bare common where tradition tells us that Boadicea fought with and defeated the Roman army. Still nearer were the pastures, the grass-lots, the ploughed fields, and old farm-houses, which looked so much like those of Massachusetts that I felt quite at home among them. I was disposed to paraphrase the lines of Caroline Bowles, addressed to some old family portraits : —

“ Not quite companionless,  
When, in each face,  
Met me, familiar,  
The stamp of my race.”

I could say I was —

“ Not quite a foreigner,  
When, in this place,  
Met me, familiar,  
The homes of my race.”

Perhaps some of my brethren of this Society may also have visited Nazing. Those who have done so will not be sorry to have their memories of the place revived by my description. And those who have not been there will be pleased to hear of the village where originated the Curtises and Heaths of Roxbury, and so many more of those with whose names we are familiar, and where was born John Eliot, that sweet and holy soul, who found letters and grammar for a before unwritten language ; who translated the Bible into this strange tongue ; who had it printed ; who taught the Indians to read it ; who went among the rude savages without fear, and who made them his friends. The pure flame of his loving faith shines among the more lurid lights of New England Puritanism,—

“ *Velut inter ignes  
Luna minores.* ”

Mr. C. C. SMITH submitted the short historical sketch of the Society, which he had been requested to prepare by the Council at their meeting in June last:—

The Massachusetts Historical Society is the oldest historical society in the United States, and had its origin in the new life inspired by the formation of a national government. Its chief founder was the Rev. Jeremy Belknap, at that time minister of the religious society worshipping in the Federal Street meeting-house in Boston, and known as the author of a History of New Hampshire, which still holds a foremost place among State Histories. With him were associated four other students of early American history, all of them under fifty years of age,—the Rev. John Eliot, minister of the New North Church ; the Rev. Peter Thacher, minister of the Brattle Street Church ; William Tudor, a prominent lawyer in Boston ; and William Winthrop, of Cambridge. Having formed the general plan of the Society, these gentlemen invited the co-operation of five other historical scholars,—the Rev. James Freeman, minister of King's Chapel; James Sullivan, afterward Governor of the State; Thomas Walcut, a zealous antiquary; William Baylies, a well-known physician of Dighton, who had served in each Provincial Congress of Massachusetts; and George Richards Minot, author of a History of Massachusetts and a History of Shays's Rebellion. On the 24th of January, 1791, less than two years after the organization of a national government, eight of the little group met at the house of Mr. Tudor, adopted a constitution

limiting the number of members to "thirty citizens of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," and organized the Society. At the next meeting several of the members handed in lists of books and manuscripts which they were willing to give toward the formation of an historical library. These gifts form the nucleus of the priceless collection now owned by the Society, and numbering at the date of the Annual Meeting in 1882 upward of 27,000 bound volumes, and nearly 60,000 pamphlets.

Three years later, in February, 1794, the Society was incorporated by an act of the Legislature, which restricted the number of members to sixty, exclusive of Honorary Members "residing without the limits of this Commonwealth"; but by an additional act passed in 1857 the Society was authorized to enlarge its list of Resident Members to one hundred. This continues to be the limit to the number of members residing within the State. There is no charter restriction on the number of Corresponding or Honorary Members who may be elected.

From the first the objects of the Society were the collection, preservation, and diffusion of the materials for American history; and so early as 1792 the first volume of Collections was printed. This volume has been twice reprinted, and up to this time has been followed by forty-seven other volumes, comprising in part reprints of scarce publications relating to American history, and in part original memoirs, and early letters and other documents which had never before been printed. Among the more important documents thus made accessible are Hubbard's History of New England and Bradford's History of Plymouth, both of which were first printed by the Society, Governor Bradford's Letter Book, the Body of Liberties, a valuable collection of Winthrop Letters, the correspondence with reference to the donations to the town of Boston after the passage of the Boston Port Bill, the Mather Papers, Judge Sewall's Diary, &c. Beside these volumes the Society has also printed eighteen volumes of Proceedings, covering the record of all its meetings for upward of ninety years, and including numerous historical documents of permanent value, and discussions by the members upon interesting or important historical questions. In the Collections or Proceedings are memoirs of nearly all the deceased members of the Society, including many of the most distinguished men of their time in Massachusetts. A gallery of historical portraits has also been formed, and many interesting relics have been gathered and placed under the charge of the Cabinet-keeper.

At three different periods courses of public lectures have been given under the auspices of the Society, for the promotion of the objects for which it was formed. Of these only one has been published,—a course of twelve lectures on subjects relating to the early history of Massachusetts, delivered before the Lowell Institute in the early part of 1869.

The income of the Society is derived in part from admission fees and an annual assessment paid by the resident members, in part from the rental of a portion of its building leased to the City of Boston, and in part from the sales of its publications and from interest on invested funds, which now amount to about \$67,000. Of this sum a little less than two thirds came from gentlemen not members of the Society; and to one of these, the late Thomas Dowse, it is indebted for the magnificent gift of his own library.

The rooms of the Society are at No. 30 Tremont Street, Boston, in the building owned by it, subject to a mortgage and to the payment of interest on a portion of its permanent funds. A part of this estate was purchased in 1839, and the remainder in 1856. In 1872 the building then standing was taken down, and a new building, intended to be thoroughly fire-proof, was erected in its place, and was first occupied in 1873. The two lower stories have been occupied since that time by the Probate Court and the Registry of Deeds.

Colonel HENRY LEE spoke of the old Clark house in Garden Court Street, of which he had given some account at the meeting of February, 1881, and particularly of the panels of the north parlor on the right of the entrance hall. Two of these panels were once in the possession of the late Dr. Winslow Lewis, and Colonel Lee had now traced others to the cabinet of the Maine Historical Society, they having been part of the estate of the late Rev. Daniel Austin, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Dr. WILLIAM EVERETT related some interesting particulars of his vacation visit to England and Scotland, speaking of Rugby, Wenlock Abbey,—where a curious specimen of early English sculpture in the local limestone, part of a conduit or fountain, had lately been discovered,—some of the noble cathedrals, and the quiet graveyard of a Scotch village, with its quaint inscriptions.

Dr. ELLIS stated that the Society had been asked to send a representative, in the person of its presiding officer, to the Webster commemoration then taking place at Marshfield. He said, also, that the late letters from Mr. Winthrop con-

tained the welcome news that he expected to sail for home on the 18th of November.

Mr. JUSTIN WINSOR asked if any member present could inform him when and how the name of Columbia was given to the Federal District. After some examination he was inclined to think that the name was never legally applied, but grew into use by common consent.\*

Mr. GEORGE DEXTER communicated, from the Belknap manuscripts, given to the Society in 1858 by Miss Elizabeth Belknap, the following journal, kept by Dr. Belknap during a visit which he made in the early summer of 1796, in company with Dr. Morse, to the Oneida Indians.

The occasion of the visit of Dr. Belknap and Dr. Morse to these New York Indians was this:—

In 1710 a society was formed in Scotland for propagating Christian knowledge, and later, by an act of the fourth year of George I., its scope was enlarged and extended to the American colonies. This society was interested in the conversion of the Indians, and, to further its objects in this country, had what were called Boards of Correspondents in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and perhaps in other colonies. The Rev. Samuel Kirkland, the well-known missionary to the Oneidas, commissioned first by the Connecticut board in 1766, had transferred himself to the jurisdiction of the board in

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\* I have not succeeded in finding any earlier application of the name than that in a letter of the Commissioners, Thomas Johnson and Daniel Carroll, of Maryland, and Dr. David Stuart, of Virginia, who were appointed by Washington to superintend the laying out of the grant; and in this, addressed to their engineer, Major Lenfant, Sept. 9, 1791, they inform him that they "have agreed that the Federal District shall be called the Territory of Columbia, and the Federal City the City of Washington." See the paper by A. R. Spofford, on Washington City, published in the Maryland Historical Society's Fund Publications, p. 53, and Mr. J. H. B. Latrobe's Address before the American Institute of Architects, at Washington, Nov. 16, 1881. Washington had issued his proclamation about the District, March 30, 1791; but in that he does not apply any name. All legislation about the matter in the Maryland Assembly, up to Nov. 25, 1791, simply defines the tract, without giving it a name; but on that date a bill was brought in entitled "An act concerning the Territory of Columbia," &c. This bill passed Dec. 19, 1791; and, referring to Washington's paper of March 30, it speaks of the District "which has since been called the Territory of Columbia." Maryland Laws, 1791, ch. xlv. By this it appears that the Maryland Assembly recognized the name given by the Commissioners; but it does not appear at what precise date the Commissioners gave the name, nor that any specific authority was given them to bestow any name. It is also certain that "Territory" was the appellation originally used, and it is employed in Morse's Geography for several years after that date. It will be observed that the earliest bill introducing the name, in the Statutes at Large (1796), vol. i. p. 461, calls it "District of Columbia." The late President John Quincy Adams was clearly in error in saying that the name was given in the act of Congress organizing the District. See Proceedings, vol. ii. p. 316.—J. W.

Boston in 1770, owing to some disagreement with Dr. Eleazer Wheelock, whose pupil he had been. The Rev. John Sergeant was also partly supported by the society in the mission established at New Stockbridge. Mr. Kirkland's labors in the cause of Indian civilization and education, and his devotion to it, are matters of history. A memoir of him by our associate, the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, was included by President Sparks in his "Library of American Biography." About the end of the year 1792 an unfortunate accident injured Mr. Kirkland's eyesight, and his general health became so much affected that he was obliged to return to the East for medical treatment. This opportunity he used for forwarding his plan for Indian education, one result of which was the foundation, in 1793, of the Hamilton Oneida Academy, now Hamilton College. In January, 1794, a communication, signed by eleven chiefs, "in behalf of the nation," was sent to the Boston board, charging Mr. Kirkland with want of interest in his mission and asking his removal. After some conference and correspondence, a committee was appointed to visit this mission and that at New Stockbridge, and report generally on the condition of affairs. Dr. Belknap and Dr. Morse constituted this committee. They left Boston, June 9, and Dr. Belknap reached home, July 6. Dr. Morse parted company with him at Albany on the return journey, and made a visit to New York.

It appears also that, previous to the communication of the Indian chiefs, a letter had been written to one of the directors of the parent society in Scotland (and read to the board there) by a clergyman at Albany, the Rev. John McDonald. Mr. McDonald had made a visit to the Indian settlements, and appeared to be shocked by what he saw there. He reported the complete failure of the attempts to Christianize the savages. Of the Oneidas and Mohegans he said: "They are deplorably ignorant. We have effectually conveyed our vices, but not the gospel, to them." Of the Senecas and other tribes: "All that the most learned Seneca knows of Christianity is that, when angry or drunk, he can blaspheme the name of God and the Saviour of Christians. The Tuscaroras have obtained a few silver crosses from the French Canadians, but both are ignorant of its meaning." This letter was communicated to the Board of Correspondents in Boston by Dr. Kemp, the Secretary of the Scotland society, in February, 1794. A second letter, dated October, 1795, shows that the plan of sending a committee to visit the missions originated with the Massachusetts board, and was approved by the

parent society, who suggested certain queries to be answered by the missionaries and others.

Dr. Belknap and Dr. Morse were appointed May 26, 1796, and we find among the "Belknap Papers" the official notification of their selection, signed by Oliver Wendell, President, and Peter Thacher, Secretary. It contains sixteen questions to which answers are to be obtained. To these the committee added eight more.

A memorandum-book, begun by Dr. Belknap evidently in preparation for the duty assigned him, is worthy of notice. It contains copies of the letters of Dr. Kemp above mentioned, and many items of value, with extracts from books, and manuscript accounts, including copious notes from General Lincoln's journal of the visit he had made, as commissioner to make a treaty with the Indians northwest of the Ohio, in 1793. This journal was afterward published by the Society in 1836, as part of their Collections (3d ser. vol. v. pp. 107-176). The memorandum-book contains also names of towns on the road to the missions, and their distances from each other; statistics about the Indians; particulars of the foundation of Hamilton Oneida Academy; and the grant of lands made by the State of New York to Mr. Kirkland and his sons. Here is also the result of a conference which Dr. Belknap had with General Schuyler during his stay at Albany. That officer thought there was little or no prospect of civilization among the Oneidas. Here are notes taken at some of the conferences held at Oneida and New Stockbridge, which the committee doubtless used in the preparation of their report, and extracts from the journal kept by the Rev. Mr. Sergeant; besides sundry matters relating to the general subject, entered after Dr. Belknap's return to Boston. A strict account of the expenses of the committee was kept by Dr. Belknap. It appears from this that he received \$50 from Judge Wendell, \$50 from Deacon Storer, and \$126 from Deacon Mason; that the actual expenses of both gentlemen on the journey to Oneida and return were \$113.93; their preparatory expenses \$8; that Mr. James Dean was paid \$15 for services as interpreter, three and a half days; that the supply of the two pulpits during the pastors' absence, four Sundays, cost \$48; that \$1.50 was paid for "Dr. Deane's husbandry, as a present to Captain Hendrick,"\* and \$2.50 for De Witt's map of New

\* In another copy of the cash account, written on a separate paper and pasted into the book, this item is erased. Dr. Deane's *husbandry* was perhaps "The New England Farmer," by the Rev. Samuel Deane, of Portland, the first edition of which was published at Worcester in 1790.

York. Dr. Morse spent \$16 additional from Albany to Boston by way of New York.

The report of the committee was printed in this Society's Collections (1st ser. vol. v. pp. 12-32), in 1798. Mr. Kirkland's state of health was such that, as will be seen by this journal, he could give the committee little assistance in their investigations. The complaint against him is not alluded to in the printed report, nor in the manuscript copy among the "Belknap Papers." He prepared as soon as possible a vindication of himself, and the Board of Correspondents voted unanimously, Aug. 25, 1796, "that the complaints exhibited against Mr. Kirkland are not supported, and they are dismissed accordingly." But the society in Scotland saw fit to dissolve their connection with him, and notified the board in Boston to that effect. Mr. Kirkland applied to be reappointed the Society's missionary some years afterward, but without success.\* He died, after a short illness, Feb. 28, 1808.

The journal now printed was kept, day by day, by Dr. Belknap during the tedious journeys to and from the Oneida country and his stay there. It contains naturally many things about the Indians which were incorporated into the committee's report, and that report should perhaps be read in connection with this diary. But it contains also a vivid picture of the means of travel nearly a century ago and the condition of the country. Dr. Belknap was an acute observer of men and manners, and a student of nature. He did not entertain a sanguine expectation of the success of the attempts to civilize the Indians, and his biographer states that he severed his connection with the society not long after his return to Boston.

Thursday, June 9, 1796. I set out from Boston in the stage at five in the morning, and rode to Brookfield, in the county of Worcester. The weather was warm and dry and the wind south, which made it very dusty riding. Company in the stage very entertaining and instructive: Dr. Shepard, of Northampton, Captain Park Holland, of Belchertown, and Mr. Biglow, of Petersham, all members of the General Court, returning home.

Captain Holland has been a surveyor of Eastern lands, and is well acquainted with the country and tribe of Penobscot. He says the Indians there amount to three hundred and twenty in number. He has an exact list of the names of each family, and they average at four and a half to a family. They are careful lest they should dimin-

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\* See on this matter Dr. Lothrop's "Life," pp. 347-362.

ish in number, as other tribes; to prevent which they have encouraged early marriages, and have made it a strict regulation that the squaws shall drink no rum till they are past child-bearing. They are frequently obliged to delay marriage a long time for want of a priest, and in some instances travel as far as Quebec to be married; yet there are scarcely any instances of incontinence, and no illegitimate children. As they have been for above a century converted to the popish religion, they are much attached to its ceremonies. They have a church at one of their towns, in which is a vessel of holy water. The church is kept shut, except when any priest comes among them; but there is a hole through which a person can put his hand and dip it in the water. He was once passing the river by this church in company with an Indian, who insisted on going ashore that he might cross himself with the holy water, and then re-embarked and proceeded on the voyage. They are strict observers of the Sabbath, and will not travel by land or water on that day but in cases of necessity.

Friday, June 10. Rode to Northampton, weather cloudy and sultry. P.M., passed through two thunder-showers under Mount Holyoke. It is pleasing to see the fields and meadows and trees in the most luxuriant growth, promising fine crops of grass, grain, and fruit, the roads mended or mending, and good improvements in the mode of making roads. At several places we found aqueducts. The water is brought in pipes from springs in the hills and fields to the roadside, and there conducted to troughs or tubs for watering cattle. At one place there was a tube and reservoir which went to the top of a house, and must be serviceable in case of fire. This was Quintin's inn at Ware.\*

It is also very agreeable to observe the number of new meeting-houses and schoolhouses, as well as dwelling-houses, along the road, and the show of elegance in ornament and painting which appears in them. We passed through Hadley in the rain, within half a mile of the house of Mr. Russell, the first minister, where Whalley and Goffe, the regicides of Charles I., were concealed. [We] were informed by one innholder that the house was taken down last year, and that in the cellar was discovered a vault curiously built and covered with stone. Mr. Williams, of Northampton, thinks that only part of the house is taken down; and that the stone vault, being under the other part which is still standing, was not opened. He has promised to make further inquiry.† At Northampton water is brought into the town by an aqueduct of above a mile in length. The work was performed by a Mr. Prescott of that place. Connecticut River here is eighty rods wide at this season, the interval two miles wide.

Saturday, June 11. Rode over the mountains of Hampshire and

\* This sentence and a few others occasionally through the diary are written in ink of a darker color, and may perhaps have been added at a later time, when Dr. Belknap had returned home. We do not think it necessary to distinguish them in printing.—Eds.

† See Stiles's "History of the Judges"; and Judd's "History of Hadley," chap. xix.—Eds.

Berkshire forty miles to Pittsfield. Weather misty and rainy; clouds resting on the summits of the mountains, and frequently falling in showers. Roads naturally very bad, but by labor are made passable, though with difficulty. The carriage broke down twice; but no great damage, except a little detention and working in the rain to repair it.

Passed Westfield River, in the township of Chesterfield. It is rapid and lined with curious rocks, some of which stand in the middle; they are formed in perpendicular laminæ. In a quarry at some distance west of the river, which is now opened and near the road, we saw very curious cuttings and splittings of this rock. It will bear the hammer and stand the fire. It is formed into hearths and jams, underpinning and door-stones. We measured two of the longest, which resembled two sticks of timber. They were twenty-seven feet in length and about ten inches in the square. This rock is of a dark gray color, and the gravel made by its fragments is very good for roads and walks. One man told us it was also good manure for corn, and that he has frequently put a shovel full of it into hills of corn instead of dung.

June 12. Kept Sabbath at Pittsfield, and preached for Mr. Allen, P.M. He has been settled here thirty-two years. At the time of his settlement and for some years after, the lands hereabouts were the hunting-ground of the Stockbridge Indians, full of deer and other game, which cultivation has gradually destroyed. This town lies on the main branch of Housatonic River, which we crossed four times in approaching it. This river takes its rise in Partridgefield, which is the height of land. Another branch comes from Lanesboro', and joins it below Pittsfield. Then it runs southward about one hundred and forty miles, and falls into Long Island Sound between Stratford and Milford. Pittsfield is a good township of land, well cultivated; the roads in good order; several handsome houses, painted; a new meeting-house, built 1791, well planned and executed, finished and painted with stone color outside and blue inside. The steps are of white marble found in the town. In the churchyard are gravestones of the same, and of a finer marble found in Lanesboro', the same that is used in building the new State House in Boston; also, two or three kinds of freestone. From the steeple is an extensive view of the town and surrounding mountains. Old Hoosuck lies northward, and appeared cloud-capped just before sunset, which indicates more foul weather.

Mr. Van Scoik came to see us, and gave me a letter to Mr. Van Rensselaer, of Albany. One I had before from Judge Wendell. This day was cloudy in the morning, clear in the P.M., and the evening bright moonlight.

We have now travelled from Boston, —

Thursday, to Brookfield	• . . . .	66 miles.
Friday, to Northampton	• . . . .	34 "
Saturday, to Pittsfield	• . . . .	40 "

140 miles.

and have not accomplished one half of our intended journey. At Pittsfield is a post-office, in which I deposited a letter to my friend, Dr. Clarke, in Boston.\*

From Pittsfield to Albany, 40 miles; from Boston, 180.

Monday, June 13. At five in the morning set out in the stage for Albany; a thick fog. As we rose Hancock Mountain, five miles from Pittsfield, we seemed to get above one fog, and another hung on the brow of the mountain above us. There is a fine view from this mountain, but we could not enjoy it by reason of the weather. As we descended the western side we came to New Lebanon in New York State; stopped to visit the springs, which have been so famous. The water issues from the ground on the south side of a hill, bubbling up through the gravelly bottom into a reservoir which is lined with stone. It is warm as new milk, and I discovered nothing in the taste different from common water. It is said to be impregnated with sulphur, and is good in cutaneous, scorbutic, spasmodic, and rheumatic complaints. The neighbors tell of great cures and frequent reliefs experienced by means of this water; particularly of one man who, being unable to stand or walk, was put into the warm pool, and instantly stood upright. On a return of his complaint he was put into another water issuing from the same hill and not thus impregnated, where he would have been drowned if he had not been immediately taken out. He was then plunged into the warm pool, and instantly recovered the use of his limbs.

Here is a convenient bathing-house, accommodated with steps, seats, and a rope by which persons may hold themselves up in the water. It is about two or three feet deep. There are several boarding-houses about the spring, and a considerable resort of people from all parts. The spring has been in reputation about thirty years.

When the sun was about three hours high the vapors ascended from the surrounding hills and rose into clouds, leaving a bright sun to enliven creation, and an immense dew on the grass.

Here are two villages of Shakers, who carry on manufactures of various kinds, and have two places of worship, one on each side of a hill. Some time since the magistracy of the town went and opened the doors of the manufactory house, and gave liberty to any of them to withdraw from their confinement. Twenty-five immediately quitted them, some of whom showed scars and other marks of abuse which they had received from the leaders, whom they have since prosecuted and recovered damages. This story was told us at New Lebanon; but Van Schaik says it is not true.†

\* This was the Rev. John Clarke of the First Church, Boston, a friend and colleague in the ministry and the Historical Society. Dr. Belknap wrote a notice of him, published in the Collections, 1st ser. vol. vi. Mrs. Marcou, in her "Life of Dr. Belknap," pp. 234, 235, gives some extracts from Dr. Clarke's replies to Belknap's letters written on this tour. — Eds.

† President Dwight, who visited New Lebanon in 1799, and again subsequently, tells much worse stories about the Shakers. Dwight's "Travels," London ed., vol. iii. 137-158. — Eds.

After breakfast we rode through the townships of New Lebanon and Stephen-town. Here were vast quantities of pine timber. Many of the trees are killed by girdling and by fire, and are still standing. The land is well cultivated and productive, the season very promising. A brook which rises in New Lebanon passes through Stephen Town, and swells into a considerable stream falling into Hudson's River at Kenderhook. Several saw-mills on this stream; mill logs not more than sixteen feet long; many shingles and clapboards made at various places. Esquire Scamerhorn owns these mills and the land about them, and keeps a pretty good inn.

Passing over a mountain in Stephen Town, we had a grand and extensive view of the surrounding country. The Kaats-kill Mountains bounded the prospect westward. These lie beyond the Hudson, and appear very majestic. A man who was at work in his field near the road told us that from a neighboring summit might be seen the water of Hudson's River and the city of Albany, distant about twenty miles.

The lands through which we passed this day are well cultivated; fields of rye, wheat, flax, and clover, good young orchards. Some houses built in the Dutch style, and several thatched barns and out-houses. On the signboards of some houses was written "Cake and Beer." About 5 P.M. crossed the ferry, and landed at the southern part of the city of Albany. Put up at Trowbridge's Inn. Met Lieutenant-Governor Van Rensselaer in the street, to whom I delivered my letters, and he kindly invited me to make his house my lodgings, which I accepted. Dr. Morse was invited to lodge at the house of Mr. Elkanah Watson.

Tuesday, June 14. Received a packet of letters from Governor Jay, which will introduce us to the acquaintance of gentlemen here and at other places on our route, and open to us every source of information respecting the business of our mission. I delivered one of these letters to the Lieutenant-Governor and another to General Schuyler. This day dined at the Lieutenant-Governor's in company with General Schuyler, General Ten Broek, Judge Sturgis, of Fairfield, Dr. Morse, Mr. Ellison, the Episcopal clergyman of this place, and several other gentlemen. Visited Mr. Elkanah Watson, formerly of Plymouth, and Mr. Elisha Kane, merchant here. Part of our dinner this day was a fine dish of green peas, which Governor Van Rensselaer's gardener is ambitious of raising so as to have them by King George III.'s birthday [June 4], he being an Englishman. We had also a fine dessert of strawberries of the wild kind, which are sold here for one shilling per *pound* York money. Mr. Rensselaer was educated at Harvard College, and graduated in 1782. Mr. Bentley, of Salem, was his tutor, and William D. Peck his classmate. General Schuyler is a self-taught genius, a complete mathematician, of great penetration and sagacity; has a thorough acquaintance with the Indians, and is now going to Fort Stanwix to superintend the canal which is cutting from thence to unite the waters of the Mohawk River with those of Wood Creek, which empties into the

Oneida Lake and communicates by another river with Lake Ontario, His age is sixty-two, consequently born 1734.\*

This day arrived the first division of the Federal troops, consisting of one hundred from West Point, who are going to take possession of the British posts of Oswego and Niagara. They immediately encamped on Pinxter-Hill west of the city, with their artillery in front. They are under the command of Captain Bruff.†

I shall omit a particular description of Albany till my return from the Indian country, but cannot help remarking one very shocking sight which fell under my observation this day. I had been on the turret of the prison, which stands in an elevated situation, to take a view of the city, the river, and the surrounding country, which indeed was a very fine prospect. On passing through the prison yard I saw several coffins with human bones, open, partly above ground, and some bones scattered about the yard. These are said to be the coffins and bones of soldiers who died here in the wars of 1756, when a fort stood on this spot, the remains of some part of which are still visible. I inquired why this shocking spectacle was allowed, and was told it was owing to the negligence of the sheriff, whose business it was to have them covered. The hill has been dug away to make a situation for the prison, by which means the coffins were exposed.

Old Fort Orange, built by the Dutch, was situate at the shore of the river near the ferry, on the spot where De Witt's house is built.‡

Wednesday, June 15. Rode in company with the Lieutenant-Governor and Dr. Morse to the great fall called Cohoes, in Mohawk River. Its appearance from the bridge, about a mile below, is majestic, but more so from an eminence near it on the south side. The extent of the fall is about one thousand feet, if measured by the breadth of the river; but there is a very large projecting rock between the centre and the north shore, which makes the real extent greater. The perpendicular height is said to be sixty feet, and I believe this is not far from the truth. The rock over which the water flows is of the same kind with that which lines each shore,—a black, shelly rock, soft, and easily broken with any kind of instrument; but where the water runs over it is polished very smooth. At the foot of the fall the water was shallow, and several persons were fishing. We bought of them several very fine pike, which we carried to Lansingburg, and they were boiled for our dinner. These are the first of the kind

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\* General Schuyler was born Nov. 22, 1733. — EDS.

† Pinkster Hill is the eminence where the State capitol was afterward built. It was the scene of the negro carnival, or "Pinkster Jubilee," which began every year, while slavery existed in the State, on Whitmonday, and lasted a week. The excesses committed at it occasioned the passage of an ordinance forbidding many of its features, by the City Council in 1811, and the anniversary fell into disuse. There is an account of the festival by Dr. James Eights, in Munsell's "Collections on the History of Albany," vol. ii. pp. 323-327.

Captain James Bruff had been an officer in the Revolutionary army. He was promoted major in 1803, and resigned in 1807. See Gardner's "Dictionary of Officers of the United States Army." — EDS.

which I ever tasted, and were very delicate eating. We came down again and crossed the bridge, which is eleven hundred feet long, built on sixteen stone piers. The ascent on the north side from the bridge is very steep, cut through the rock. It was at first thought impracticable to make a road here; but by experiment and perseverance they found it practicable, and even *ploughed* through the rock.

Passed through Waterford, a village at one of the sprouts of the Mohawk, in the township of Halfmoon; then crossed the Hudson to Lansingburg, and there dined. P.M., rode to Troy on a level road, ascended the high land to obtain a good prospect of the river, but could not gain the spot where we were told was the best view; the land had been newly fenced and the roads altered. Came down again, crossed the Hudson at Troy, and returned to the Lieutenant-Governor's seat. By the way saw a seine drawn on the bank of the river, and a sturgeon caught of seven feet in length. They cut his tail, and he bled to death in a few minutes. Evening visited General Schuyler, who proposed to carry me to Skenectada to-morrow. The country through which we passed this day is well cultivated, chiefly the intervalle lands of the Hudson and Mohawk Rivers; large fields of wheat and rye.

High-water at Albany at the same time as at Sandy Hook. The flood is just one hour later at the end of every ten miles up the river. At the end of sixty miles it is high-water in the river at the same time that it is low-water at the city of New York.

The climate of Albany is between the influence of the easterly Atlantic winds and the vapors of the great lakes. The wind is for the most part either north or south, following the course of the river.

Thursday morning, June 16. Rode with General Schuyler in his own carriage to Schenectada,—a town on the banks of the Mohawk, sixteen miles from Albany. The road chiefly pitch-pine land and deep sand. Some farms on the summit land. Dr. Morse went in a private carriage with Mr. Watson to see the glassworks, and came to Schenectada four or five hours after me. I got there at twelve o'clock, and went to see General Schuyler's new boat, in which he invited us to go up the Mohawk with him. He is going to Fort Stanwix to oversee the cutting of a canal from thence to Wood Creek. The boat was then painting, and the weather damp and wet. Before dinner it began to rain, and continued to rain all the P.M. and half the night, which deprived me of the pleasure of seeing this place as much as I intended.

The inhabitants were originally Dutch, as were those of Albany. Their descendants retain their language and manners, especially their fondness for smoking tobacco. General Schuyler carries his pipe, and smokes in his carriage and about the street.

The streets are regular; I think three in number. There are three places of worship, and a college called Union College. Dr. John Smith, brother to Samuel Stanhope Smith, of New Jersey College, is the president. A fine body of meadow adjacent to the town.

In the late war the Oneidas retreated to this place and encamped

on the high land above the town, where they remained till the war was over, and then returned to their own country.

In the evening we determined to go in the stage, hoping to come down the river with the general at his return.

Friday, June 17. At five o'clock crossed the Mohawk River at Schenectada in the stage. Foggy, damp, unpleasant weather; roads wet and miry. Sometimes the mist would thicken to a shower, and sometimes be seen hovering on the summits of the hills. Before noon the weather grew clear and hot.

This A.M. we passed by "Guy Park," the seat of Guy Johnson, who married a daughter of Sir William, and succeeded him in the office of superintendent of the Indians, before the late war. It is a tract of one mile square on the north side of the river,— a large, well-finished stone house, which was much damaged and abused during the war. The whole estate now belongs to a Mr. Miles from Connecticut, who keeps an inn. He bought it for £950 New York money,— a mere trifle.

Passed by the first seat of the late Sir William Johnson, consisting of one large stone house and two stone stores and a stone barn, a good garden and orchard. Here Sir William first kept a trading-house and got his estate. He afterward removed further up the river, and four miles from the river, where he built an elegant seat, and lived in the latter part of his life in a very genteel style, and very hospitably, keeping a number of young Indian women about him in quality of concubines, and offering them in that respect to gentlemen who happened to lodge at his house. Many of his children and their descendants are now mixed with the other Indians, and are proud of reckoning their descent from him. The story of Hendrick's dream and Sir William's counter dream is generally believed to be true.\*

This day we dined at a house (Putnam's) just opposite the mouth of Skoharie Creek, and, walking into the field as far as the brow of the hill, had a very fine view of the river, the creek, the church on Skoharie, and the site of Fort Hunter, which was built not far from one of the old Mohawk castles. Here was an Episcopal mission established in the reign of Queen Ann, and kept up till the beginning of the late revolution; a set of books and service of plate in the church.

P.M. Rode through a tract of land called Cagnawagha, part of the way on the intervalle; passed a Dutch church; stopped at Conolly's, on the intervalle, under a very steep, rocky hill, which is said to be a nest for rattlesnakes and hawks, and the people on the opposite side call it "Conolly's Rookery." This man came from the county of Down, in Ireland, and this plantation was given him by his brother.

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\* The Indian chief dreamed that Johnson would present him with a scarlet uniform similar to one the agent had just received from England. This Johnson did. But in due time he summoned the chief, and told him that he too had dreamed a dream, in which the Indian gave him a tract of land. Hendrick is reported to have made the gift, with the remark that the white man "dreamed too hard for the Indian."—Eds.

He has lived here about ten years. Passed by a projection of the rocky mountain, which is called "Anthony's Nose."\* Here the road is very narrow between the rock and the river, and goes partly over a wharf built with timber. The water here is said to be very deep. The rock rises in an angle of forty-five degrees. In the side of this mountain is a cavern fourteen by twelve feet square. The stage stopped, and some of the company went up to it. It is said there is another deeper cavity, which they could not find. One of the finest springs runs out of this mountain, a little westward of the "Nose," affording plenty of water to the thirsty traveller. On the opposite side, the mountain approaches the river, and the road is equally narrow as on the north side.

The next tract is called Canajohara, from a creek which comes in on the south side, above the "Nose," and extends several miles. About five o'clock we crossed the river to the south, and rode under the mountain through a miry road, then on the interval, then on the upland again, till we came to Ruff's, a dirty, noisy Dutch tavern, where we were obliged to lodge.

The lands through which we passed this day are all highly cultivated, and loaded with a luxuriant growth of wheat, rye, oats, and peas. Hops grow wild along the margin of the river and run over the bushes. There is a fruit called mandrake, very plenty in all this tract and above. It grows on a stalk from twelve to fifteen inches high, under a canopy of leaves. It has a fine smell, and some people are fond of it. Gooseberries and black currants are also very numerous. Some of the gooseberries are half ripe and have prickles on the fruit.

We were eleven in number in the stage this day, and very closely stowed,—four segars smoking great part of the time.

At Skenectada met with Hugh White, Esq., from whom Whitestown took its name, and had his company all this and the next day up to Whitestown. He removed from Middletown, in Connecticut, about ten or twelve years ago, bought a large tract of land, and is now a kind of patriarch, having seen the lands advance from a rude wilderness to a well-cultivated and productive country.

Vast quantities of limestone all along the Mohawk River. The stone lies in horizontal laminæ in the quarry, and is easily taken out in any shape or size. The churches and some of the houses are built with it.

Saturday, June 18. Set out early in a *lesser* carriage with the same number as yesterday, except one: very much crowded, but we accommodated each other as well as we could. Breakfasted at Hudson's, at the mouth of East Canada creek,—a good tavern, seated on the same ground where Hendrick lived, the Mohawk sachem who was killed in Johnson's battle, 1755, near Lake George.

\* "Anthony's Nose" seems to have been a favorite name with the former inhabitants of this State for mountains distinguished by bold precipices. There is a mountain of this name on the Hudson, forming the southern limit of the high lands on that river; two more on the Mohawk, and a fourth on this lake [George].” Dwight's “Travels,” London ed. vol. iii. p. 340 n.—EDS.

It is a beautiful eminence, commanding a pleasant prospect, and here are many apple-trees of at least fifty years old, called Hendrick's orchard. We had some of the cider, and it was excellent. Here was a fort, built by British troops in 1756, called "Fort Hendrick," the rampart, ditch, and glacis of which are visible; and here was found, about four years ago, a golden medal, which it is supposed was the property of some Indian chief. It was worth about seven dollars; had an Indian on one side and emblematic figure on the other. It was sold at Albany to a Mr. Lansing. This place I take to have been the lower Mohawk castle, as marked on Holland's map of New York, though I believe that near Fort Hunter was called the lower castle seventy or eighty years ago.

Before noon we passed by a church and a village which I suppose to have been the upper Mohawk castle marked in said map. This was the residence of Joseph Brandt before the war. There are several graves round the church, enclosed with square cases of wood, like pig-styes. Abundance of apple-trees, and many of a large size. Passed over the Fall mountain, a very fine tract of upland. Dined at a good house, Aldridge's, near Fort Herkemer, on the edge of German Flats. Fort Herkemer was a stone house surrounded with ramparts of earth, which are still visible. General Herkemer was killed during the late war, going to the relief of Fort Stanwix when besieged, 1777.

German Flats have been settled by the high Dutch about seventy years. They have been three times broken up by war. The land is excellent, both on the meadows and hills; very extensive fields of wheat, rye, oats, flax, and peas, but all overrun with charlock, so that they look like fields of mustard, and, being now in bloom, are all yellow. The Germans are not so good husbandmen as the Yankees.

Soon after leaving German Flats the road leaves the river, which we crossed to the north on a bridge. Just on the upper part of the Flats is a church and court-house, in Herkemer County. The county through which we have hitherto passed is Montgomery; both named after general officers belonging to this State, who lost their lives in defence of their country. Passed through thick woods; bad road, but good land,—beech, maple, walnut, and oilnut growth. After sunset, crossed the river to the south on a bridge to old Fort Schuyler, in the lower part of Whites Town.

Here the public stage ends. The house being full of people, and very noisy (there having been a muster of light horse this P.M.), we hired a wagon and proceeded four miles by moonlight to Colonel White's tavern at Whites-borough, where we arrived at half-past ten, much fatigued.

Lord's Day, June 19. Attended public worship, and heard Mr. Dodd preach all day. I had a letter to Mr. Jonas Plat, who kindly invited me to put up at his house, where I now am.

Monday, June 20. Preparing to go on horseback to the Indian settlements. This morning Captain Thomas, of Plymouth, came to see me, on his way to the military lands, and informed me of the death

of Mr. Gorham, of Charlestown, two days after we left Boston.\* In this place is a post-office and printing-office, several very good houses, a wide and level road; and, though it has been inhabited but about ten years, Whitestown contains six parishes, three regiments of militia, and one troop of light horse. The road runs northwest and southeast. This place is situated southeast from Lake Ontario. A northwest wind brings the vapors from that and Lake Erie, and is generally a sign of foul weather. The climate is milder here, both in winter and summer, than in the same parallel to the eastward, and vegetation is more forward in the spring. The great lakes never freeze, and the country about them is warmed by the vapor of them in the winter; so far from the truth is the notion that the great lakes are the cause of our intensely cold northwest winds.

I am now in a region greatly elevated above the level of the ocean. Within twelve miles south of this place is a ridge of hills, not very high, from the south side of which the streams run into the Susquehanna, and twelve miles northwest from hence the streams run into Lake Ontario. The waters here discharge into the Mohawk, which is one mile distant to the north. This region enjoys settled weather more than Albany,—evenings and mornings cool, though the middle of the day be hot.

Distances:— from Boston to Albany . . . .	180	miles.
to Skenectada . . . .	16	"
to Canajohara . . . .	40	"
to old Fort Schuyler	42	"
to Whitesborough . . . .	4	"
		—
	282	miles.

to Paris (Clinton settle <sup>t</sup> ) . . . .	7	"
to Mr. Kirkland's . . . .	1	"
to New Stockbridge . . . .	12	"
to Oneida village . . . .	6	"
		—

The extent of our journey . . . .	308	miles.
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Rode in the stage, going and returning . . . .	564	"
Rode on horseback, going and returning . . . .	52	"
		—
	616	miles.†

The beginning of this present month, June 8, 1796, an event happened at Oneida which strongly marks the little progress made by

\* Hon. Nathaniel Gorham, a prominent citizen, judge of the Common Pleas, and delegate to the Continental Congress, and to the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. With Oliver Phelps he bought, in 1788, a large tract of land in the Genesee country, known as "Phelps and Gorham's Purchase." — EDS.

† Of course part of this table of distances was added at a later day. — EDS.

civilization or Christianity among that people. Two young married squaws had a quarrel, which was taken up by their husbands, and a scuffle ensued. They parted for that time. They had some rum to drink. One, Cornelius, went and got a gun; came and challenged his antagonist, Jacob, who stood and dared him to fire. The other shot him dead on the spot. The father of the dead (Jacob) acquainted the nearest friend of the murderer with the fact, and told him that he must revenge the death of his son. They went to the hut where he lay covered with a blanket. The father of the dead fired his gun and wounded the murderer, then stabbed him and left him to die. The wounded man recovered in the night, and his friends prepared to defend him from further injury. The father of the dead, hearing this, took witnesses, and despatched the murderer in their presence with a tomahawk. This, it is supposed, will be a final settlement of the affair, it being according to the Indian custom.\* The lawyers are divided on the question whether the laws of the State extend to quarrels between the Indians themselves. If an Indian hurts or kills a white man, he is punishable by the laws of the State; and if an Indian complains of an Indian to a white magistrate, the law takes cognizance; but in this case there is no complaint, and probably there will be no inquiry.

Murders of this kind are agreeable to the Indian principles, though of late they have been rarely practised among the Oneidas. Another instance is mentioned to this purpose: The famous Joseph Brandt (by birth a Mohawk, but now an officer in the British service, resident on Grand Rivière, which falls into Lake Erie on the north side) killed his own son last summer, 1795. The son was an unruly fellow and threatened to kill his father. The father, to prevent his own death, clave the head of his son into four parts with a dirk which he always carried about him. Having thus acted the Indian, he recollects his connection with the British, resigned his commission, and delivered up himself to justice. A message was sent to Lord Dorchester, who returned answer that Brandt should keep his commission, and not be prosecuted for the murder.† This account I had from Mr. Caulking,

\* There are some corrections and interlineations made in this account, which perhaps represents the story as Dr. Belknap heard it at Whitestown. In a footnote to their report the committee give the particulars, which do not exactly agree with this account, taken from Mr. Sergeant's Journal, 1 Coll. vol. v. p. 18 n. A cutting from the "Mercury" of Sept. 20, 1796, is pasted into the end of Dr. Belknap's diary. From it we learn that another murder occurred in Oneida on August 17, the victim being a white man, supposed to be named Henry Grafts, from Long Island, on his way to the military lands. Judge White issued a warrant for the murderer, Saucy Nick, and the chiefs surrendered him. To the account Dr. Belknap writes these notes: "Nick demanded money of the man, which he refused giving him, this was the provocation"; and "It is said that some of the Indians have threatened that if this murderer should be put to death by the justice of the State, they will kill the first white man that shall come into their village. It is high time that these Indians should be made subject to the laws of the State; this must be done if they are to be considered as citizens; if they will still be savages they must retire deeper into the forest." — EDS.

† Compare Stone's "Life of Joseph Brant," vol. ii. pp. 465, 466. — EDS.

at Mr. Plat's, June 20. He also gave the same account of the murder at Oneida which I had before heard from Mr. Plat. It is said that Brandt has not since worn his dirk, and that he appears very grave and sober. This Brandt was one of Dr. Wheelock's scholars; can assume the Indian or English manners, as best suits his conveniency, and keep up his influence with both.

*Account of the death of General Herkemer, 1777. From Mr. Plat.*

When St. Leger was besieging Fort Stanwix, a message was sent from the fort to inform Herkemer of their dangerous situation. He was an honest, resolute, ignorant German, at German Flats. He gathered the militia on the river, and marched with them to the relief of the garrison in a careless manner, without guards or scouts, till he came within six miles. A party of the enemy had discovered his march, watched him, and laid an ambush into which he fell. The enemy suffered them to pass till the van was enclosed; then they fired. The rear, who were low Dutch from Schenectada, &c., immediately retreated. The van and front kept up an irregular fire. Herkemer was wounded in the leg, but, being placed on a stump, gave his orders as well as he could. A thunder-shower interrupted the battle, and every man lay on his arms to keep them dry; being then very near each other. After the shower they resumed the contest; the militia with bayonets and the Indians with knives. When night approached, both quitted the ground. Herkemer was carried home, lived three days, and died in his own house.

An Indian who had been sent by the besiegers as a spy was taken by our people and carried to General Arnold, who commanded at Schenectada or Albany. He was promised his life and a large reward if he would return to the fort and tell the besiegers that Arnold was coming with a large force to raise the siege. He performed his errand with fidelity, and the British decamped. The fellow has received no reward, but is now making attempts to petition the State of New York for the performance of Arnold's promise. His name is . . . .\* His character worthless, but has a family.

This afternoon I received a letter from Mr. George W. Kirkland, informing that his father was very ill, and that he would be here to-morrow morning to escort us to Paris.

N.B. During Herkemer's battle, Starring, a German officer, lost his pipe out of his button-hole as he was crawling over a log. As soon as he missed it he went back through a shower of bullets and searched till he found it. This man is now first judge of Herkemer County. The story was told me by Judge White, who had it from his own mouth.

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\* Dr. Belknap did not fill the space he had left for the name. This story is told of one Hanyost Schuyler, who was, however, a white man, but one well acquainted with Indians. He is said, too, to have had an Indian comrade in the adventure. See Dwight's "Travels," vol. iii. pp. 183-185, and Benton's "History of Herkimer County," pp. 82, 83.—Ebs.

Tuesday, June 21. Having with some difficulty procured horses at Whites Town, we waited till after nine in the morning for Mr. G. W. K., but he not having arrived we set off before ten on horseback for Paris, distant seven miles. On the road met him, and he carried us to his house and gave us a very good dinner. Captain Thomas and Mr. Dana, who are on their way to the military towns [lands?], came in afterward and dined with us. Mr. Norton, minister of Paris, and Mr. Deane, for whom we sent to Westmoreland, also came after dinner.\* The weather very hot. Toward evening a thunder-shower in the east; some drops here.

P.M. Visited Rev. Mr. Kirkland. Found him very weak, both in body and mind. His disorder is an ulcerated jaw, which causes a constant discharge into his throat and stomach, and produces nausea and frequent faintings. His pain has been extreme, and extends up to his eye on the right side. He has taken many anodynes, which have weakened his nerves. We were very kindly entertained at his house. He has a large, handsome new house, nearly finished, into which he proposes to move in a few days; thirty acres of wheat growing, besides corn and grass; and thirty head of cattle. Hamilton Academy is nothing more than a frame, partly covered. The work has ceased and no school is kept. The trustees are to hold a meeting in a few days.

At Whites Town, this morning, we met with a Quaker from Philadelphia, who with two others are deputed by the Society of Friends to reside among the Oneida Indians, to teach them arts and agriculture, and endeavor to bring them into a state of civil and religious society. They have made them one visit, and are going thither again. Mr. Deane returned home, four miles, in the evening, promising to meet us again to-morrow morning, and go with us to Stockbridge to visit Rev. Mr. Sergeant.

Lodged at Umpstead's tavern. Here is a large meeting-house framing, and will probably be raised in about three weeks. The country here has rapidly populated within eleven years past, when there were but two families in Whites Town.

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\* The Rev. Mr. Norton was one of the persons who gave written answers to the queries brought out by the committee. He had been recommended as a suitable person to be asked. Mr. Dean was another, and the replies of both gentlemen are preserved among the Belknap manuscripts. The following are the terms in which Mr. Dean is recommended in a paper marked "J. T. Kirkland's observations": "Mr. James Deane, who lives at Westmoreland, four miles this side of Oneida, is a man of education, sense, and independent way of thinking; has spent many years among the Indians; is personally acquainted with the principal Oneidas. He will probably give information with freedom. In estimating his opinions, some allowance must be made for the influence of that *disgust* which he appears to have taken against the aborigines. If Mr. Deane will be interpreter, he will be accurate and faithful, or, if he cannot act himself, he will tell of a good one." Mr. Dean did serve as interpreter. He was a graduate of Dartmouth in the class of 1773. There is a notice of him in Chapman's "Sketches of the Alumni of Dartmouth College"; and a more extended one in Tracy's "Men and Events connected with the Early History of Oneida County." See also Pomroy Jones's "Annals of Oneida County," pp. 744-759. — EDS.

Wednesday, June 22. Visited Rev. Mr. Kirkland again. Found him faint and weak, but rather better than yesterday P.M. He gave us some information relative to the state of his mission. Took some refreshment, and waited until after eleven A.M. before all preparations could be made for our going to New Stockbridge and Oneida. Rode through twelve miles of woods; very fine land, but excessively bad road. In this route the first runs of water fall into the Mohawk; the latter into the Oneida Lake, and so into Ontario. The growth was sugar-maple, beech, elm, walnut, and oilnut, — the trees very tall and straight; in the latter part much eaten by caterpillars. When this is the case with the maple, no sugar can be made from it the next season. Last season very little, because the caterpillars devoured them last summer. This has not been known since the English settled here, but the Indians remember it before. A great body of plaster has been discovered in the Onondago country about two years ago. (Mr. Norton doubts of this discovery.\* ) From a hill at old Oneida saw at a distance the Oneida Lake. About three P.M. came to two or three Indian huts, where some Oneidas live. Saw an Indian cradle, mortar and pestles, &c. Good orchard and a cider press. At this place the murder was committed, June 8. On our descent to Oneida Creek we met Captain Hendrick Aupaumut driving his ox-team. Invited him to meet us at Mr. Sergeant's this P.M. with his friends. Got to Mr. S.'s at half-past four.

The village of New Stockbridge is about three miles in length on the southwest side of the upper part of Oneida Creek. The fences are in good order, and the corn and grass look well. The Indians, about three hundred in number, have a meeting-house in which a school is kept, partly at the expense of the United States and partly of the Corporation of Harvard College. Mr. John Sergeant is here established as missionary, and supported partly by Scots Society, partly by Corporation of Harvard College, and partly by Society in Massachusetts for Propagating the Gospel. There is a saw-mill erected here last fall by the United States, and some work has been done; but the dam is broken by the freshet. Toward evening had a conference with Captain Hendrick and nine other Indians, when we received their compliments and a belt, and opened to them our business. They promised to meet us again to-morrow morning as early as possible. In the woods near this place deer are to be seen in considerable numbers. Pike and trout in the creek. Pigeons are flying over us every day since we came into this region at Whites Town. Lodged this night at Mr. Sergeant's house.

Thursday, June 23. After breakfast we met the chiefs again in the meeting-house. About thirty men and as many women were present. Some of the women brought their children in Indian cradles. We intended at this meeting to have delivered a sermon; but it was thought best to postpone it till our return from Oneida. The chiefs promised to consider our queries and assist Mr. Sergeant in answering

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\* These words are a later addition. — EDS.

them. They sang two or three tunes very well. Previously to this conference, and apprehending further delay in the business, I had taken Mr. Sergeant by himself, and obtained from him such answers to our queries as he was able to give, which I minuted down from his mouth.\* Had I not taken this method, we might have been detained here a week, for we find the Indians very fond of procrastination, and the ministers very fond of humoring them.†

After dinner, which we took pretty early, set off for Oneida, six miles, through very bad road. We forded the creek several times; passed by the Tuscarora village; viewed a house which our interpreter, Mr. Dean, said was a complete specimen of Indian architecture. It was made of two rows, each consisting of five posts set in the ground, which supported the roof. The beams were fastened by withes to the posts, and the rafters lay on the beams, projecting downward to stakes fastened in the ground, which formed the side of the building, and there fastened with withes. The roof was covered with bark. At each end of the house was a separate apartment; one of which served as an entry, the other as a store-room. In the store-room was a vessel as big as a barrel, and in that shape, made of bark; also another in the form of a bread trough. There was also a mortar and two wooden pestles. In the entry was a pig's trough, and a few other things of little worth. Their corn is hung on poles inside. There were four bunks, or raised platforms, on which they sleep; and two places in the middle where they make the fire, over which were two holes in the roof for the smoke to go out.

We passed by a small village where lives an old man named Silversmith, aged about eighty. At his door stood the famous stone which gives the nation the name of Oneida, or Oniuda, *the upright stone*. It is about three and a half feet high, irregularly round, in some parts of a white and in others of a gray color. This stone is said by their tradition to *follow* the nation in their removals; but it is impossible it should follow them without being *carried*, and it requires a very strong man to carry it; for it weighs more than a hundred-weight. They used to set up this stone in the crotch of a tree, and then they supposed themselves invincible. John Whitestripes, who speaks good English, told me that there was a young man in the neighborhood who could carry the stone about forty rods at one lift.

We also passed by the shop of an Indian carpenter, and met him in the road with a saw and other tools in his hand. He is a tall, well-shaped young man, and looked very pleasant and good-humored. We arrived at the Oneida Castle — so called, though there is no appearance of a fortification — about three P.M., and went into the house of John Skanandogh, an old chief aged seventy-six.† His house is built in the English, or rather the Dutch style, and warmed in winter by a

\* Mr. Sergeant's answers are preserved among Dr. Belknap's papers.—EDS.

† This last clause in ink of a different color.—EDS.

‡ In the printed report this chief is described as one of the best of the nation, although he had little influence.—EDS.

fire made on one side like the Dutch houses, with an open space all round, and a kind of funnel above to let out the smoke.

The chiefs had notice of our coming, and began to assemble in their meeting-house, which is built of logs and covered with bark. About four o'clock they blew the horn as a signal, and we met them. They were not quite so formal as the chiefs at New Stockbridge, and were willing to enter on business immediately. We held a conference of two hours, and had several examinations, which we minuted in writing. A tin kettle of water and a small tin cup served us for refreshment during the conference.\*

This village is situate on a high plain; and Skanandogh's house, on the south edge of it, commands an extensive and grand view all round. Were the country in a state of cultivation, nothing could be more charming than such a prospect; but it is melancholy to see so fine a tract of land in such a savage state. There are in this village a considerable number of huts, most of which are of logs, some few framed, and several of them have covered stoops or piazzas in the Dutch style. In the late war their village was destroyed by the Indians and Tories in the British interest. They had a decent church with a bell, which was built by charitable donations. This was destroyed. The whole nation removed down the Mohawk River, and encamped on the plain of Schenectady above the town, where they lived several years, and were supported by the United States. After their return to their own country, they rebuilt their houses chiefly after the manner of the Dutch, and carried home some of their customs.

Flights of pigeons all the P.M., and, indeed, every day since we have been in the county of Herkimer we have seen them. The Indians might easily take them with nets, but they do not; and I heard but one gun fired at them. This is the season for catching salmon in

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\* The minutes of this conference are preserved in Dr. Belknap's memorandum book. The committee endeavored to find out whether the complaint against Mr. Kirkland sent to Boston was the act of the nation or only of individuals, whether it was instigated by Mr. Sergeant, and whether there were any who objected to sending it. The complaint appears to have received the official signatures of the heads of the three tribes of the nation, — the Wolf, the Bear, and the Turtle. Mr. Sergeant was consulted, although perhaps he did no more than tell the chiefs the proper way of forwarding complaints; and there had not been complete unanimity among the people about the matter. Mr. Kirkland was charged also with encouraging taverns in the country. The next day Drs. Belknap and Morse called on the offending tavern-keeper, and were told that, as he lived on a public road, both Mr. Kirkland and Esquire Foot advised him to keep some refreshment for travellers, but expressly forbade him to sell liquor to the Indians. The chiefs wished to introduce a new complaint; but the committee refused to entertain it, on the ground that Mr. Kirkland was not able to attend in person, and his son, who represented him, was not instructed on points not included in the former complaint.

The next day, at New Stockbridge, Dr. Belknap had some talk with the wife of Anthony (one of the chiefs), who was a sensible woman and often consulted. He has minuted down their conversation. She thought that the women generally agreed with the men in the wish to have another missionary than Mr. Kirkland, but that their great wish was to have the religious services maintained; and she expected that the differences could be settled. — *Eds.*

the creeks of the Oneida Lake ; and many of the Indians were absent on this business, and will not return till it is over. Some time ago an Indian was drowned in one of these creeks. General Schuyler, who was then at Fort Stanwix, asked an Indian to catch him a salmon. The Indian said, " No salmon would come into the creek, because a man was drowned." The General, who understood how to oppose one superstition by another, replied, " I have put something into the water to cure it." On which the Indian went a fishing, and soon brought in three fine salmon. Lodged this night at old Skanandogh's on a mattress. Had a supper of tea, milk, Indian cake, fried eggs, and strawberries. The Indian cake is made by soaking the corn in ley, which takes off the hull ; then it is pounded in a mortar ; then mixed up with water into the form of a biscuit, and boiled till it becomes of the consistence of a dumpling.

Friday, June 24. Early this morning we set out on our return to New Stockbridge. On the way observed several of the Oneida *ladies* preparing to go out into the fields with their hoes to work in the cool of the morning whilst their husbands smoke their pipes at home. On the road we met four or five women, with each a bag of corn on her back, which they had been to Stockbridge to buy. The bag was hung by a strap round their forehead. When a man and a woman go together to buy corn, the woman carries the load ; and, if they have a horse, the man rides it with a bag under him, but the woman goes on foot with her load on her shoulders. The women are strong and patient and very laborious. Some few of the men, however, do work in the field, and the women work with them. It is to be observed that, in the Indian husbandry, the huts are placed in the centre of an inclosure, which is greater or less according to the number of the inhabitants. This inclosure is a common pasture, in which all their horses, cows, and swine feed together. Beyond the fence is the planting ground, and there is no fence between that and the woods. Some exceptions, however, there are to this general rule. The Indians of New Stockbridge make their fences, and separate their fields from their pastures in the English mode.

As we passed by the house of old Silversmith we called to see him. He is the head of the Pagan interest in the Oneida nation, which consists of about eight or ten families. We again viewed the *Oneida stone* ; and our interpreter, by our desire, entered into conversation with the old man respecting his religious principles. He informed us that the objects of his devotion were the rocks and mountains, which he believed were animated by some invisible Power, which had a superintendency over human affairs.\*

To this invisible Power he addressed his devotions, and depended on it for success in hunting and in war. This had been his religion from his youth, and he had never failed of receiving answers to his prayers. He had always either killed his enemy or made him captive,

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\* " Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind." — *Dr. Belknap's note.*

and had generally good luck in hunting. Others, he said, paid the same devotion to the wind and to the thunder, believing them to be invisible powers, and put the same trust in them as he did in the rocks and mountains ; and he regarded the Oneida stone as an image of the deity which he worshipped.

On our way we called to see Peter, the son of "good Peter," a Christian Indian who died about three or four years ago, and a nephew of Silversmith, by whom he was educated in the principles of Paganism. The children all belong to the mother, and are accounted of her tribe or clan. When the mother dies the children are taken by her nearest relations, and the father has no care of their education. This accounts for *good* Peter having so *bad* a son ; for, as the mother died before the father, the uncle took young Peter under his care, and made a heathen of him. Peter the second has the most savage, ferocious countenance that I have seen among them. He has committed several murders, one about two years ago. He killed a young man of the Onondago nation, and the Onondagos killed one of the Oneidas in return. He has also killed two persons supposed witches. This is regarded as an act of public justice. Peter thanked us for calling to see him, and for the respect we showed to the memory of his father, which he supposed was the motive of our visit.

John Matoxon, who went on foot by the side of our horses, told me that he could walk fifty miles in a day. He is a tall, stout fellow, and I believe capable of doing what he said. He is twenty-five years of age; has some hairs on his chin, but has pulled out many, and says he intends to eradicate the rest; but the pain is so great that he cannot bear to pull out more than three or four at a time. They use a pair of iron pincers for this operation, and no blood follows the hair when extracted.

Arrived at Mr. Sergeant's about nine o'clock, and after breakfast attended divine service in the meeting-house. There were present, as far as I could judge, about one hundred and fifty persons, nearly an equal number of each sex, who ranged themselves on opposite sides of the house. Many of the women brought their children tied up in their cradles, which are very convenient to be carried, to be set down, or hung up, at pleasure. Dr. Morse preached, and I prayed. Captain Hendrick, the chief sachem, interpreted the discourse by sentences. It lasted an hour and twenty-five minutes. This mode of preaching by an interpreter is very tedious and clumsy. It may do once in a while for a stranger ; but a missionary ought certainly to understand the language of his hearers. Mr. S. was brought up among the Stockbridge Indians, and is well acquainted with their tongue. The name of the tribe is Mohukenuh.\*

\* Dr. Belknap's memorandum book gives us the *new* names applied to Mr. Sergeant's daughters as a compliment on the occasion of a visit to New England : Abigail, Menoonsquoh, a *virtuous woman* ; and Betsy, Necknesquoh, a *flourishing girl*. And for a specimen of the Oneida tongue we have the names of Mr. Kirkland's children : John T., Logwoncarst, a *lover of every one* ; George W., Kâhondawiska, a *field in bloom* ; Samuel, Kâlano, a *musical voice* ; Eliza, Ko-wathalâna, *speaking to every one* ; and Ralph, Istaneal, *steel*. Quisquisahoontâ was a *hog's ear* ; Kitkit, a *hen* ; and Scarlot, *rum*. — E.D.S.

After sermon we had another conference with the chiefs, and received answers to some of our questions which had not before been answered. They also gave us a copy of their town covenant or constitution, and of the act of the New York legislature relative to them.

A Brotherton Indian delivered me a letter from David Fowler and two others who style themselves "peacemakers," — a kind of selectmen in Brotherton. The letter invited us to go thither and give them an answer to a petition which they had before sent to the commissioners requesting a missionary to be sent among them. We wrote an answer informing them that their petition had not been sent to Boston, but that we had met it on the road, and should carry it; that it would be sent to Scotland, and it would probably be a year before they could have an answer.\*

There is one woman named Esther in this place who last year wove sixteen yards of woollen cloth for shirts, and expects this year to make double the number. This is a singular instance of industry, and deserves encouragement. She is a widow of forty years old, has seven children and an infirm sister to maintain.

Here we had an interview with the committee of Quakers from Pennsylvania, who gave us a copy of their commission. They have taken up their quarters for the present in Captain Hendrick's house.

We inquired for John Kunkapot, who was at Boston three years ago begging books to keep school. Were informed that he pawned the books on his way home, for liquor; and that he went last winter to Philadelphia, and has not been heard of since. We saw him at Albany on our return. He is begging all over the country. A worthless fellow!

About three P.M. set out on our return to Paris, the weather very hot; but when we got into the woods the shade was very agreeable. On our way picked several flowers and got specimens of some vegetables not in flower, which I put into a pamphlet to save for Mr. Peck. Found the ginseng and maidenhair in great plenty in the Oneida woods; also a substance much resembling hops, growing on trees.† Met with the prickly ash, not in flower, and passed by many others which our time and circumstances would not allow us to take. About seven got to Mr. Kirkland's house, and found him still very sick and his family greatly fatigued with their attendance on him. Lodged this night at the house of his son, George W. Kirkland, who had accompanied us in our tour among the Indians.

Saturday, June 25. Excessively hot. Visited Mr. Kirkland again in the morning, and returned to his son's to dine, where we stayed till four P.M., when Dr. Morse went to Whites-borough, and I concluded to keep Sabbath here.‡ In the evening much lightning and thunder

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\* Brotherton was occupied by the Indians brought from Connecticut by Samson Occum, the well-known Indian preacher, who died there in 1792. President Dwight visited the settlement in 1799. See "Travels," vol. iii. pp. 168-174. — Eds.

† I have since learned that this tree is called the hop hornbeam. — *Dr. Belknap's note.*

‡ This was written at Paris. — Eds.

in the south and southeast. A thunder-shower in the night; rained very hard.

Evening came in two gentlemen from Genesee country. They say that Jo. Brandt, with a party of his Indians, have met the surveyors who are out beyond the Genesee, and forbade them to proceed. This is supposed to be a manœuvre to procure a thousand or more dollars from those who claim the lands. They made Jo a *present* of a few trifles before they went out; but he requires a larger *fee* to extinguish his claim. These gentlemen confirmed the story of Brandt's having killed his own son last summer, and say they had it from his own mouth. The Genesee country is not healthy. The flats are extensive, and the water very foul, which breeds noxious vapors. The people are subject to a putrid fever which goes by the name of the Genesee fever.

The salt springs of Onondago are wrought to great advantage, and the people in this region are supplied with it. They boil the water in large kettles, and can afford the salt for five shillings York money per bushel. It is very fine, and not so bitter as sea salt. The fresh water thereabouts is not good, and the people are sickly in the heat of summer. These springs are public property. To the westward of Onondago are other salt springs, and there is one small lake whose water is brackish; a crust of salt is said to be seen on its surface early in the morning, but dissolves when the sun shines. This part of the story I doubt.\*

In the township of Pompey are found petrifications of sea shells, a specimen of which was given me by Rev. Mr. Norton, of Paris, which I shall present to the Historical Society.†

At parting with Mr. Deane, our interpreter, I proposed a correspondence with him, which he with some hesitation accepted. He is a sensible, intelligent man, one of Dr. Wheelock's scholars, and well acquainted with Indians.

The region where I am at present is very elevated. The streams run northerly into the Mohawk. Between Mr. Kirkland's and his son's is the Oriskany Creek, which Mr. Deane says is a corrupt pronunciation of *Ol hiskè*, signifying "a place of nettles." The nettles were very plentiful and large on its banks. This is a sign of good land. This place is called Clinton settlement, within the town of Paris and within the extensive district of Whites Town. It has been settled eleven years, and Esquire Foot was the first who came here. He is from Connecticut. It is a central situation, and a good place for trade.

Lord's Day, June 26. A fine, cool, westerly wind in consequence of the thunder last night. Breakfasted on salmon taken in the Oneida Creek,—very fine. The Indians have the exclusive right of

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\* If anything swims it must be an *oily* substance. — *Dr. Belknap's note.*

† Dr. Belknap presented these petrifications, in Mr. Norton's name, to the Society at the July meeting after his return home; and in January, 1797, Mr. Norton was elected a Corresponding Member, having been nominated by Dr. Morse at the November meeting previous. — *Eds.*

this fishery, which they reserved in the sale of their lands to the State of New York. Preached all day for Mr. Norton, and toward evening returned to Mr. Plat's at Whitestown.

Monday, June 27. We had some expectation of going to Fort Stanwix, twelve miles distant to the northwest, and thence going down the Mohawk with General Schuyler, in his covered boat, to Schenectada. We this day received a letter from the General, informing us that his boat was gone down to fetch the engineer and his family, that he should be glad to see us at Fort Stanwix and bring us down by water to old Fort Schuyler, where he should stay four or five days, and that he would send us down by the first boat that he could detain. Considering that we should be delayed perhaps a whole week here, and considering also that this is a fever-and-ague country, that the disorder has begun rather earlier than usual, that Mr. Plat's wife (where I lodge) has it, and that General Schuyler himself is not free from it,—as we heard by Mr. Fish, of New Jersey, who saw him this morning,—we concluded it was best for us to go down by the stage, as we came up. After dining with Mr. Breeze, and waiting for the stage till six o'clock, we set off and came down this P.M. to old Fort Schuyler, and lodged at Mr. House's inn.

Tuesday, June 28. Rose at four. Waited till a quarter past five for the stage and company, then set off toward home. Three miles from old Fort Schuyler we met the first detachment of the troops destined for Oswego. They appeared to be about sixty or seventy in number, in a uniform of blue and red. A wagon followed containing their tents and baggage. After riding a few miles we met a boy on horseback, who inquired of us where we met the troops. We answered him, but knew not the reason of his asking till we got to Aldridge's. The driver knew him to be Aldridge's boy. This morning cloudy and rainy. In a shower we met two Dutch girls walking barefoot, and carrying their shoes in their hands,—an eminent instance of Dutch economy.

After fasting six hours and riding seventeen miles through very bad road, at ten A.M. we got some very welcome breakfast at Aldridge's (German Flats). Here we found the boats containing the baggage, ammunition, and stores of the troops, with the commanding officer, Captain Bruff, and the agent or purveyor, Judge Glen. The preceding afternoon they had had a quarrel with the Dutch boatmen who navigated the batteaux in which were the stores. They would have their own way to go or stop when and where they pleased, and it is as hard to turn a Dutchman as a mule out of his way. The captain could not speak their language; but he wanted the boats to be paraded *en militaire*, and guarded by night. (N. B. They had been six days on the water from Schenectada.) This bred a quarrel. The Captain fired his piece at them, and they came at him with the poles with which they set the boats against the stream. A conflict might have ensued had not the Captain's wife and daughter by their cries and entreaties prevailed. The arrival of the purveyor, soon after,—who, being a Dutchman, could speak to them in their own tongue,

—helped to pacify the boatmen. But, to be sure of a superiority, the Captain had despatched Aldridge's boy (whom we met) to call back part of the troops, who had at least seventeen miles to travel in a retrograde progression to come to the assistance of their commander. Both he and the Judge appeared to be in great agitation, full of words, and not destitute of profaneness.

Dined this day at Indian Castle, and got some more of Hendrick's cider, which is excellent. Lodged at Dwight's, a mile below the house where the stage puts up. N. B. Dwight told me that the root called wake-robin is an effectual cure for the poison of bushes and plants which usually affect the skin. It is bruised with milk, and applied externally. In the night a heavy thunder-shower. The meadow was full of fire-flies, and, the extent being great and the house high above it, I had a singular amusement the preceding evening in viewing the incessant glimmering of ten thousand of these insects, with now and then a flash of lightning to assist the illumination.

Wednesday, June 29. Dr. Morse not well. Rode six miles to Conolly's, and there breakfasted; but he ate nothing. Rode eleven miles more, and he was so ill that we stopped at Putnam's,—a clean Dutch house opposite Schoharie Creek and Fort Hunter,—and let the stage go on, the driver promising to return to-morrow on purpose to fetch us, if he should be able to proceed. Employed a Dr. Sanford as physician to Dr. Morse, and the good man and woman of the house nursed him as tenderly as if he had been their own child. His disorder was cholera morbus. He was very ill all day and evening. At night got some rest by the help of anodyne, and in the morning was better.

All the P.M. and A.M. of next day, Thursday, June 30, employed myself in reading Wheelock's narratives, which I carried in my trunk; and observing the warm, enthusiastic manner in which the business of converting Indians has been conducted, and the changes which appeared in the conduct of the persons concerned when the ardor abated. *Tempora mutantur, &c.* About twelve o'clock the extra stage came; and, Dr. M. being somewhat recovered, we set out for Schenectada, twenty-one miles.

Stopped by the way at Miles's (formerly Guy Johnson's house); there met a Dr. Sweet, who fell into conversation, and offered to conduct us to the *painted rock*, which he said was about two miles down the river. Took him up in the carriage and rode with him two miles. Then he and I left the carriage to search for the rock. This ramble took up forty minutes, and I walked about two miles, partly through woods and partly through fields. The rock is on the north bank of the Mohawk, fifteen miles above Skenectada. It is a perpendicular ledge of limestone, with a pretty smooth surface and about twenty feet high. On the upper part — which is easily accessible, the laminæ projecting in various places — appear the remains of some red paint, which has been in the same situation for eighteen or twenty years. Imagination may conceive the paint to resemble almost any

thing; but judgment cannot decide without the help of testimony. The tradition is that it was painted by the Indians in memory of some canoes of Indians who went thence to war, and never returned; that the painting represented canoes and men in them; and that this painting is frequently *renewed* to preserve the memory of the event. Some add that the renewal is performed in the night, or by some *invisible* hand. The fact is that there is a rock with some appearance of red paint, that the paint has been in some measure defended from the weather by a projection of the rock *over* it, and that the place is easily accessible by similar projections *under* it. This is all that can be said with any certainty. As to the frequent renewal of the paint, &c., I was assured by Dr. Sweet that he had known it to be in the same condition as we saw it for eighteen years past; and a man whom we took as a pilot, who appeared to be about twenty-five years old, said it always looked just so since his remembrance.

We had a pleasant ride to Schenectada, and got there just at sunset. This village is not a very *sightly* place either from a distance or when you are in it. The principal business is boat-building, for which there is a great call by reason of the continual increase of transportation on the Mohawk River for one hundred miles. Evening visited Mr. Duane. Lodged at Plat's.

Friday, July 1. Breakfasted with Rev. Dr. John Smith, president of the college here. It has a fund of fourteen thousand pounds, York currency; contains forty students. Part of the fund is to be applied toward the erection of a public building for college exercises, library, apparatus, &c.; but the scholars are not to live in barracks nor eat in commons. The classes are distinguished by different-colored ribbons worn over their shoulders in the form of sashes.\* The name of the institution is Union College. It began last fall. By the report of the regents, March, 1797, the property of this college is stated to be \$42,422.60, and 1,604 acres of land.† After breakfast rode sixteen miles to Albany, the wind driving the dust before us, so that we were fairly involved in a cloud the whole way. Stopped at McKean's, five miles from Albany, where we saw the spring-head of the projected aqueduct for the city. The water is very pure and cool, and there seems to be a good supply.

By reason of our detention at Johnstown, my stay in Albany will be so short that I shall not have time to visit every part. The old Dutch church is an object of curiosity without. Its appearance is more like a powder magazine than a place of worship. It is of stone, with a monstrous, high, pitched roof, in a pyramidal form, with a little cupola and bell.‡ It is eighty years old, and was built over an older church in which divine service was performed all the time that the

\* The distinction between the classes was marked in their dress in other American colleges. See "College Words and Customs," s. v. Dress. — Eds.

† It will be readily understood that this sentence was added to the diary at a later day than the original entry. — Eds.

‡ There is a picture of this church in Munsell's "Collections on the History of Albany," vol. ii. p. 25. — Eds.

present one was building, so that they omitted but one Sunday. This is the tradition, and I was assured of the truth of it by Lieutenant-Governor Rensselaer, with whom I dined this day. There is nothing elegant in any of the public buildings of this city. The jail is, I think, the most sightly of them and the newest. Some of the streets are very narrow; but the new ones, particularly Watervliet, is wide and well paved. State Street is also wide; the old Dutch church is at the lower end, and the English church at the upper end. There is also a Presbyterian meeting-house; but the clergyman, McDonald, is silenced, . . . and has set up a bookstore. This man had a great share of influence whilst his wickedness was unknown; but he is now treated with as much disrespect as he deserves. It was he who wrote the letters to Scotland which were the occasion of our mission into these parts.\* There is also a Methodist church, a German Calvinist, and a German Lutheran, — six in all.

The old fur-traders in this city look very pleasant this day, on the occasion of the arrival of about twenty wagons loaded with furs from the northward. A renewal of this gainful business is anticipated; and this is one effect of peace and friendship with Great Britain, notwithstanding all the clamor that has been raised about the treaty.

The mayor of this city, Abraham Yates, died yesterday, and is to be buried to-morrow, but I cannot stay to see the funeral. It is said the whole city is invited to attend, and here none go to a funeral but those who are invited. The bell rings as ours do for fire. To a wedding everybody goes without invitation, and the married couple keep open doors for two or three days. The boys assemble round the door and expect cookies, *i. e.*, cakes, to be thrown out to them.

At Albany I parted with my companion, Dr. Morse, he intending to go down the river to New York next week. Lodged this night at Mr. Elkanah Watson's. Was much amused with the sound of cow-bells; all the cows of the city passing by his house on their return from pasture. At Skenectada the cows parade in the streets by night, and make dirty work before the doors. The whole town is a perfect cow-yard.

Saturday, July 2. Crossed the ferry in the stage at seven A.M. Rode through Greenbush, Schodac, and Stephen Town to Lebanon. At the springs observed a green bower erecting, and tables preparing to celebrate the festival of Independence on Monday next. They have also an iron four-pounder, which is mounted for the occasion.

About six o'clock P.M. I re-entered the State of Massachusetts, ascending from Lebanon Springs up a very long and steep mountain, which required one whole hour to gain the summit. This is Hancock

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\* Mr. McDonald removed to Canada, and after some years' residence there was restored to the ministry by the Presbytery of Montreal. He returned to Albany, and was active in gathering the United Presbyterian Church, of which he became the first pastor. He resigned in 1819, and died soon afterward. See Munsell's "Collections," vol. i. pp. 419-425. Dr. Belknap elsewhere speaks of him as "a bitter enemy to New England men, and especially to New England preachers." — EDS.

Mountain, so called from the township in which it lies. There is a grand view from the top, but, it being about sunset when we came to it, and rather cloudy, we did not much enjoy it.

Entering Pittsfield, saw old Hoosuck to the north. Arrived before dark at Mr. Allen's, where I propose to keep Sabbath, and hope to get home Wednesday next.

Lord's Day, July 3. Preached at Pittsfield for Mr. Allen. It being communion day, three women were added to the church, two of whom were then baptized. After service, at noon, a child was buried. The corpse had stood in the porch of the meeting-house all the time of service, and every one of the congregation looked at the corpse before the coffin was closed. After service in P.M. visited John Chandler Williams's and Mr. Van Scaik. The day was cloudy, and some small showers. Toward night observed old Hoosuck with his night-cap on, which denotes foul weather.

Monday, July 4. This day being the festival of Independence, the inhabitants of Pittsfield and the neighboring towns are to meet at Richmond. This is out of the stage road. Cloudy, misty, and wet morning. As we rose Partridgefield mountain we got above the mist into clear sunshine, and the weather became very hot. Dined at Meach's, in Worthington, but could get no better liquor than cider to drink the President's health. When we came to Northampton at evening, found that not a bell had been rung, nor a gun fired, nor a bowl of punch drank in that *very Federal town*, to celebrate the day. Dr. Hunt told me that his kinsman, the late John Hunt, minister of Old South, who died in the year 1775, is without the honor of a stone "to tell where he lies." His father expected that the Old South Church would erect a monument to his memory, and therefore did not erect one himself. Several members of the church had been spoken to at various times on the subject, but nothing has been done. His father is now dead and the family is scattered. The expense of erecting a stone of marble in that place would not exceed forty dollars. Perhaps this is not known to the sisterhood,— who were very fond of Mr. Hunt, and he was a very worthy, sensible, modest man.\*

Tuesday, July 5. Crossed Connecticut River, at five o'clock, in a very thick fog; could not see the opposite shore till within a boat's length. At Belchertown saw two brass field-pieces, which had been *warmed* yesterday with the joy of the day. At the tavern saw the remains of what had been done; but none killed or wounded by *Mars*, whatever had been done by *Bacchus*. The day was kept at Worcester with great devotion to the jolly god. Lodged at Worcester this night, very much fatigued with heat and dust and jolting fifty-two miles.

N.B. At Belchertown observed in the house of Captain Warner an aqueduct which brought water from three quarters of a mile distance into every part of his house, particularly into the kitchen and bar-room; and an overshot wheel was carried round by it which turned

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\* John Hunt's grave at Northampton was afterward marked by a marble monument, built by the Old South Church. See Wisner's "History of the Old South Church," p. 107, n. 46.—EDS.

the spit. These aqueducts are very common along the road, and show great ingenuity, as well as a spirit of enterprise in our citizens. . . .

Wednesday, July 6. At three this morning set off in the stage from Worcester for Boston. At Sudbury bridge saw a company of people collected to rescue a boy of seven years old from the water. As we came to the bridge the child had just been taken out, after lying, as is supposed, half an hour under water in a deep hole of the river. He had been in to wash himself. The people had got him in a blanket on the ground, with his face downward, and had sent for a barrel on which to roll him, and a quantity of salt to rub him. I came to the spot just in time to prevent his being rolled and salted, and got him into a house, where I directed him to be carried upstairs and laid on a bed. I had him wiped clean and dry, placed him in a proper position, and blew into his mouth. They sent for a doctor, and I gave them my advice to keep on rubbing him gently with warm woollen cloths till the doctor should come, and advised them to let two men lie in bed with him. After half an hour's attendance, as the stage could not tarry, I left him to the care of the neighbors, but am really apprehensive that he was too far gone before taken up to be recovered. The father of the child, Abbot, exhibited a picture — no, an *original* — of grief and horror beyond anything which I ever before saw.\*

At one o'clock got home safe and well, and found everything safe and well. Thanks be to the Almighty Preserver and Benefactor !

*Memorandum of distances and modes of travelling from Boston to Niagara. †*

In the stage, which sets out from Boston on Monday and Thursday mornings, you go the . . . . .

	Miles.
first day to Brookfield . . . . .	66
second day to Northampton . . . . .	34
third day to Pittsfield . . . . .	40
fourth day to Albany . . . . .	40
	180

Here you may rest, and from hence proceed on any day, forenoon or afternoon, to Schenectada . . . . . 16

Thence you may go either in the stage-wagon by land, or in boats up the Mohawk River. The former is accomplished in less time than the latter. The stage goes every Tuesday and Friday morning, —

the first day to Canajohara . . . . .	40
the second to Whites-town . . . . .	46
	102

Here the stage ends.

[Carried over . . . . . 282]

\* Dr. Belknap has added: "I afterward heard that the child was dead." — Eps.

† This memorandum, written on a loose sheet of paper, is pasted into the end of the diary. — Eps.

	Miles.	282]
[Brought over . . . . .		
From Whitestown to Fort Stanwix is a wagon-road, and wagons may be hired . . . . .	12	
Fort Stanwix is situate on the upper waters of Mo- hawk River, from which is a portage to Wood Creek, where a canal is now making . . . . .	2	
Thence by water, down Wood Creek to Oneida Lake	27	
Across Oneida Lake to Fort Bruington . . . . .	35	
Down the river to Oswego Falls . . . . .	12	
Portage 150 feet. Thence to Oswego Fort on Lake Ontario . . . . .	12	
Thence through the lake to Niagara . . . . .	160	
	— 260	
	—	542

Mr. CHARLES C. SMITH communicated a Memoir of the Hon. Charles H. Warren, by Mr. Winslow Warren; a Memoir of the Hon. Erastus B. Bigelow, by the late Delano A. Goddard; and the Memoir of Mr. Goddard which he was appointed to prepare for the Proceedings, accompanying the presentation of the Memoir of Mr. Bigelow with the following explanation:—

It will be remembered that our valued associate, the late Delano A. Goddard, was appointed to prepare the customary Memoir of another highly esteemed member of this Society, the late Erastus B. Bigelow. For this duty Mr. Goddard had made careful and thorough preparation, and had collected a large mass of materials; but he had not put his Memoir into the shape in which he intended to communicate it. There can be no doubt, however, as to his general plan, and a considerable part of the Memoir had been written out. At his death his materials were placed in my hands; and I now desire to present the Memoir substantially in the form, I believe, which Mr. Goddard meant it should assume. What he had written I have not felt at liberty to change; and it was not necessary to do so. It was only necessary to determine, as nearly as might be, what he intended to print. A few paragraphs which he probably meant to cancel have been omitted; and some additional paragraphs have been inserted in accordance with very clear indications in his memoranda. With the exception of a few words in one place which were needed to complete the sense, and of four short paragraphs, enclosed in brackets, at the end, the Memoir is wholly in Mr. Goddard's own words.

MEMOIR  
OF THE  
HON. CHARLES H. WARREN, A.M.  
BY WINSLOW WARREN.

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CHARLES HENRY WARREN was born at Plymouth, Massachusetts, Sept. 29, 1798, and was the fourth child and third son of Henry and Mary (Winslow) Warren, tracing his descent through his father, Henry, and his grandfather, General James Warren, to Richard Warren, of the "Mayflower"; and through his mother, a daughter of Pelham Winslow, and grand-daughter of General John Winslow, of Marshfield, to Edward Winslow, one of the early Pilgrim Governors. The house in which he was born stood upon land allotted to his ancestor, Richard Warren, in one of the earliest divisions of land among the Plymouth settlers; this land having remained in possession of the family from the time of its first allotment. The wording of the early record of this division, Jan. 3, 1627, is suggestive of a humorous intent rather unusual in those times of stern reality, and its injunction may be said in this instance to have been somewhat strictly followed, for the record reads, "That whatsoever the surveighers judge sufficient shall stand without contradiction or opposition, and every man shall *rest contented with his lott.*"

At the outbreak of the Revolution, his father's family warmly espoused the Patriot cause, while the Winslows with equal zeal adhered to the Royal side, representing to them the only defence against anarchy and social ruin. Thus, while the paternal grandfather of Charles, with his patriotic and talented wife, Mercy (Otis) Warren, became conspicuous in Revolutionary councils, Pelham Winslow, his mother's father, was compelled by his Loyalist principles to flee early in the conflict to the British Provinces, with the retreating Royal army. Doubtless such a commingling of blood left its traces in the tastes, characteristics, and views of political prin-

ciples of the Judge, as in later life he was familiarly called, and it is a curious speculation to seek its responsibility for apparently inconsistent traits,—a strong conservatism in some points of his character, and an intense radicalism in others, a most perfect tolerance of honest differences in politics or in the essentials of religion, combined with fiery intolerance of what appeared to him empty form, or of any thing that savored of hypocrisy or deceit; a cautiousness in reaching conclusions nearly approaching timidity, but a quick, unhesitating firmness, regardless of friend or foe, in following a course once adopted as right and just.

An education at Harvard College had long before his time become a tradition among the Plymouth people; and a long line of graduates eminent in political, social, and professional life had borne witness for generations, as it has continued to do to the present day, to the love of learning and devotion to education of the descendants of the Pilgrims. Question has been made of the appreciation by the Pilgrims of Plymouth of educational opportunities, and somewhat unfair comparisons have been drawn in this respect between them and their more powerful neighbors of the Massachusetts Bay. While their poverty, humble station in life, and political insignificance may be admitted, and would seem to furnish a very sufficient reason for a limited support by them of collegiate instruction, it can hardly be said that a band containing such men as Bradford and Brewster and Winslow was without scholarship, or that ordinary hands could have framed the compact on the "Mayflower," or the wise laws and regulations that guided the Colony in its infancy, and taught them a devotion to truth and humanity which has stamped its impress upon educational, religious, and political movements throughout the land. The magnificent results have glorified the humble beginnings, and the weak instrument has been chosen, as oft before in the world's history, for a great purpose. No community of its size can show a longer roll of college graduates, nor a greater proportion of graduates eminent in collegiate departments, in mercantile, or in professional life, than the old town of Plymouth, while the Pilgrim stock, scattered as it has been over the continent, has ever been foremost in advancing knowledge and holding men true to the great principles of an enlightened and free republicanism first illustrated on Plymouth Rock.

It was but natural then that Charles Henry should have had equal opportunities with his two brothers who had preceded him at Harvard; and entering that institution in the

class that graduated in 1817,—with such men as Bancroft and Cushing, Sewall and G. B. Emerson,—he gave early promise by his ready wit, quick perceptions, and rare conversational powers, of a successful and honorable career. Upon graduating he began the study of the law with Judge Thomas, at Plymouth, and completed his legal studies before admission to the bar, with Levi Lincoln, of Worcester. He commenced practice at New Bedford, in partnership with Lemuel Williams, then and for many years afterward a leading member of the Bristol Bar. In 1825 he was married to Abby Burr Hedge, a daughter of Barnabas Hedge, Esq., of Plymouth; and their hospitable home in New Bedford, and subsequently in Boston, will be long remembered by the many friends who enjoyed its social freedom and shared its brilliancy and pleasure.

The Judge's success at the bar was very early assured, and his extraordinary acuteness and logical power obtained for him a large professional business, and a foremost rank at a bar containing many able and prominent members. In 1832 he was appointed district-attorney for the five southern counties,—Bristol, Barnstable, Plymouth, Nantucket, and Dukes,—and held that office until 1839, widely known and respected for his skill and ability in the trial of causes. While district-attorney he became actively interested in political life as a member of the Whig party, and was chosen to the Senate from Bristol County. In October, 1839, he accepted the appointment of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and filled the position very acceptably to the bar until, with other members of the bench, he resigned in 1844, from dissatisfaction with the action of the Legislature in reducing the already small salaries of the judges. Upon leaving the bench, he removed to Boston, and resumed the practice of the law in partnership with Messrs. Rand & Fiske, but continued in active law business only until 1846, when he accepted the presidency of the Boston and Providence Railroad Corporation.

His activity and interest in politics brought him frequently before the public, and his skill in debate and quickness at witty repartee gave him an extended reputation in all parts of the State. In 1851 he was again chosen to the Senate, from the Suffolk District, and in 1853 was made president of that body. In all the political questions of the day he was untiring and active, and for his energy in opposing further expenditure upon the Hoosac Tunnel, was burned in effigy by an indignant gathering at Shelburne Falls, an honor which

he ever regarded as the best testimony of his effective work. Many members of that Legislature now living will recall a witty cartoon ascribed to Mr. Warren, illustrating the "Progress of the great bore (boar)," which had an extensive circulation and threw great ridicule upon the project.

As president of the Railroad Corporation he devoted himself assiduously to the duties of the office, negotiated with skill many important and complicated contracts, carried the railroad triumphantly through many trials and depressions, and when, in 1867, he resigned the office, he had the great satisfaction of leaving to his successor and friend, Governor Clifford, one of the most thoroughly equipped and successful railroad corporations in the country.

In 1857 he was chosen a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, became actively interested in its proceedings, and for many years was a frequent participant in its discussions and investigations. His knowledge of colonial history was extensive and varied, and while his direct contributions to the Society's Proceedings were not numerous, his aid was sought in many of its publications, and no small portion of his time was devoted to its interest and success.

In 1871, warned by the increasing infirmities of age, and by a serious affection of the heart, which for many years had been to him a source of anxiety, Mr. Warren's mind fondly turned to his old home; and removing to Plymouth, he spent the few remaining years of his life amidst the cherished associations of his native town. Those years were to him the crown of his earthly happiness, for nowhere was he more loved and admired than in a circle of congenial friends whose hearts were captivated by his sparkling conversation and hospitable attentions.

The decease of his wife, but a few weeks prior to his own, alone clouded the happiness of his life in Plymouth, and in the summer of 1874 he quietly passed away, leaving to all who knew him the remembrance of a fortunate life, blessed with the warmest friendships and honorable in its attainment of success in whatever positions he had been called to.

In reviewing such a life, the casual observer would be much impressed with the brilliancy of his wit and the quickness of his mental faculties, and numberless are the *bon-mots* and bright stories attributed to him and well remembered by his friends; but those that knew Judge Warren in business, in political life, at the bar or on the bench, bore witness also to his great logical ability, his retentive memory, and that faculty of concentration which enabled him to accomplish

great labors in a remarkably short space of time. Had circumstances afforded a sharper spur, his natural abilities would have won him a more noticeable success; but despite his constitutional inertia the whole weight of his powers was ever given to the duties of his position, and an upright and fearless administration of the law, and correct and honest principles in business and in politics, gave him a reputation and character more lasting than exalted station.

MEMOIR  
OF  
ERASTUS B. BIGELOW, LL.D.  
BY DELANO A. GODDARD.

ERASTUS BRIGHAM BIGELOW was born in West Boylston, Massachusetts, April 2, 1814. His father was a cotton manufacturer in moderate circumstances. The son was early trained in the country habit of taking care of himself. From the age of ten to thirteen he worked upon a farm for a small monthly allowance, attending the district school in the winter. Leaving the farm at thirteen he was set to tending spindles in his father's factory. In that first year he contrived a hand-loom for weaving suspender webbing,—a trifling affair,—and an automatic machine for making piping cord, both of which brought him a small return. With the proceeds of these and other sources he went to a neighboring academy, where he learned enough to become discontented with his lot, and dimly conscious of powers which might be turned to better account than in a spinning-mill. Not being able to continue his studies, and being unwilling to return to the factory, he came to Boston in search of employment. His inquiries led him to the dry goods store of S. F. Morse & Co., in Washington Street, where he was employed as a clerk for several months. His time not being fully employed, he procured books and taught himself stenography. Finding the task easier than he expected, he thought he would offer the privilege to others. He thereupon prepared, and at his own expense printed, "The Self-Taught Stenographer," leaving his place in the store to superintend the work.\* His small

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\* The Self-Taught Stenographer, or Stenographic Guide; explaining the Principles and Rules of the Art of Shorthand Writing; illustrated by appropriate Plates and Examples. Compiled and improved from the latest European and American Publications. By E. B. Bigelow, Stenographer. Lancaster: Printed by Carter, Andrews, & Co. 1832.

edition was soon sold, and brought the young author a handsome profit. Stimulated by this success, he decided to print a larger edition for the country. He took as a partner a young medical student, who agreed to pay for the printing as an offset for Bigelow's copyright. The venture, as might be supposed, was unsuccessful; and the young publishers, after a year's labor, found themselves four hundred dollars in debt. Bigelow at once assumed the obligation, and set about finding means to cancel it. He returned home, and finding his father's old mill idle, he thought it might be turned to some account. Taking another partner, he began the manufacture of twine on a small scale. Some trifling irritations arising there, the young manufacturers moved to Wareham, and started a cotton factory. In nine months it was wound up, with a loss; and Bigelow, now at the age of nineteen, after two independent enterprises, found himself fourteen hundred dollars in debt.

Massachusetts proving so unfriendly, he went to New York for employment. He first took lessons, and then for several months supported himself by teaching penmanship in the city and the neighboring large towns. Still restless and dissatisfied with himself, and perfectly conscious that he was wasting in these fruitless undertakings energies capable of better things, he returned again—not like the Prodigal, for he had done his best—to his father's house. Taking counsel with his father he then resolved to become a physician, his father's circumstances now warranting some assistance. He spent a winter at Leicester Academy in preparation for his new studies, and the year following in the study of medicine. Still, he was embarrassed and annoyed by his imperfect training, and again and again resolved to start afresh; but the means were wanting. While in this quandary he conceived and matured the plan of a power-loom for weaving knotted or Marseilles quilts. Some time before, in his native town, unsuccessful efforts of the same kind had been made; but he was not discouraged. His machine worked so well that he was encouraged to seek capital for manufacturing on a large scale. His confidence served him well. Freeman, Cobb, & Co., importers in Boston, were convinced of the value of the new loom, and entered into an agreement with the inventor to pay all expense incurred to that time, to secure the necessary patents in this country and in England, to build and finish a mill large enough to meet all probable demands of this market, and give the inventor one quarter of the profits. This was his first triumph, and he resolved to use it well in gratifying the one

ruling passion of his life thus far for a thorough education. He began to study anew with a clergyman who was then fitting boys for college, and the future seemed full of promise. But his triumph was of brief duration. It was 1837, a time of great commercial depression and uncertainty. Freeman, Cobb, & Co. failed; the counterpane factory was abandoned, and the loom involved in the confusion of their affairs. His father was also unfortunate, and in failing health. The necessity of providing for immediate wants returned in full force. His books were laid aside once more, and his genius set to work.

In this strait an idea of earlier date returned in full force. While selling his book on stenography in New Jersey, he had seen there the slow and awkward process of making coach-lace by hand. He knew nothing of mechanical principles at this time, except such as his early experiments had taught him. He knew still less of the coach-lace business, its extent, its character, or its profits. Setting out, therefore, on a tour of inquiry among carriage-makers and dealers in carriage materials, he discovered that a power-loom was greatly needed, but that experienced lace-makers had often considered the matter, and found it to be wholly impracticable. That fact, however, made no impression on Bigelow's mind. Taking a piece of coach-lace home, he devoted himself to the problem of automatic weaving till the solution came. His first coach-lace loom was in operation in six weeks from that time. From that moment also was made the fortune of the inventor. With the aid of his older brother Horatio, of Fairbanks, Loring, & Co., and of other friends, a company was formed to build and operate the new looms. This was the beginning of the Clinton Company in Lancaster. Young Bigelow, now in his twenty-third year, was in a condition to pursue his studies as he had long desired. But he felt that the time had passed. He had reached the full maturity of manhood, and he felt that a different and not less promising career than any he had planned for was opening before him.

Just as the coach-lace works were well established, his counterpane loom was, through a turn of good fortune, released from legal duress. He contracted to build three looms at a price, including the ownership of the patent, which at that time seemed extremely liberal. While making arrangements to carry out this contract a new kind of counterpane was introduced from England which young Bigelow saw must soon supersede the knotted counterpanes for which his machines were to be built. He at once communicated the fact

to his principals, to his own loss released them from the contract, and promised to invent a loom which would weave the new counterpanes with greater economy and facility than the English looms. The frankness of his conduct inspired confidence, and a new agreement was made, resulting in the invention of a new automatic loom which was put into operation at Clinton in 1840; and for many years supplied the greater part of the counterpanes used in this country.

His attention was next directed, through a hint given him by Alexander Wright, a manufacturer of large experience, then agent of the Lowell Manufacturing Company, to the imperfections of the loom for weaving ingrain carpets. He determined to apply himself to the invention of a power-loom to remedy these defects. His first loom, made in 1839, increased the product from eight yards daily to twelve yards. His second loom increased the product to eighteen yards; and a third, which speedily followed, to twenty-five yards of two-ply, and eighteen yards three-ply. These successive looms came rapidly into use, and were the foundation of some of the largest factories in the country. His improvements secured more perfect match in the figure, more smooth and even surface, and much greater rapidity of production. The improved method of producing figures to match, invented in 1844, was at once extensively used in connection with looms for weaving plaids and ginghams. He at the same time perfected improvements for drying and stretching fabrics, printing warps, and other details of great practical utility.

In the autumn of 1841 he visited England, and found from observation of her manufactures that he had much to learn from them. On his return to Lowell he brought many valuable suggestions, which the manufacturers, after some reluctance, adopted, to their great advantage. With a high sense of the value of Mr. Bigelow's services, the leading mill-owners created a position with a liberal salary, and induced him to accept it. His duties of advising and directing improvements proved unsatisfactory to his active mind, and in eighteen months he retired from it, having in the mean time built for the Lowell Company a large mill with two hundred looms,—the first successful power-loom carpet factory in the world. He also built the first of the Lancaster Mills for weaving ginghams, to which the principle of his lace and carpet looms was applied. This was not only the largest, but the best appointed and most perfectly constructed mill till then built in America, and was described at the time as "a

splendid monument to the genius and masterly power of its projector." The buildings, covering four acres of ground, were built according to the best models then known, and were filled with new and complicated machinery never before practically tested, for all of which Mr. Bigelow furnished the working plans as they were needed, with exactness, rapidity, and simplicity. The original genius, luminous sagacity, and constructive power displayed in these great enterprises greatly increased his responsibilities, and won for him the confidence of even the most cautious and conservative men with whom he was associated. During this and the two years following, beside the great works here mentioned, he brought his carpet loom to greater perfection, enlarged the counterpane and coach-lace works, and made nine distinct and new inventions, all of which are now a part of our manufacturing system. The strain was too great for physical endurance. Nature uttered a sharp warning, and he sought rest and relief in foreign travel.

Mr. Bigelow returned from Europe in 1848 in restored health, and devoted himself to completing and perfecting the Brussels carpet loom and to other related improvements. In three years, through distinct and independent inventions, he had in successful and brilliant operation not only looms for weaving two and three ply ingrain carpets, and Brussels and Wilton, but also tapestry Brussels and tapestry velvet carpets. The work of the Brussels loom was exhibited for the first time at the great London Exhibition of 1851,—too late to be entered for prizes, but in time for generous acknowledgment. It was highly praised in the industrial and scientific publications of that time as a most important achievement in the closely contested field of the industrial arts. The looms were at once placed in the great carpet establishment of the Messrs. Crossley & Sons, at Halifax, who later acquired, and whose successors now hold, the patent rights for the United Kingdom. The value of the new invention was highly appreciated by men of influence, who tendered to the inventor many social and public courtesies which his modesty compelled him to decline. It would indeed be difficult to overstate the magnitude, ingenuity, or value of these successive inventions, or the completeness of the revolution they wrought in all the higher branches of textile industry. Of all kinds of labor, that of weaving especially, except goods of the plainest kind, seemed to call at every stage for the exercise of intelligent discretion on the part of the weaver. How to make a machine meet automatically these innumerable ex-

igencies with precision, exactness, rapidity, and economy, adapting itself to the peculiarities of all the different fibres in the same cloth, to the texture of different fabrics, to the fleet-ing changes of style or fashion, was the problem set before him ; and he solved it, not by one stroke, but by many, whose varied and ingenious combinations made this seemingly miraculous variety and beauty of results possible. The evolution of these inventions Mr. Bigelow described in these words : —

“ I am not sure that I can convey to your mind a satisfactory idea of the inventive process in my own case. One thing is certain, — it is not chance. Neither does it depend, to any great extent, on suggestive circumstances. These may present the objects, but they are no guide to the invention itself. The falling apple only suggested to Newton a subject of inquiry. All that we know of the law of gravitation had to be reasoned out afterward. My first step towards an invention has always been to get a clear idea of the object aimed at. I learn its requirements as a whole, and also as composed of separate parts. If, for example, that object be the weaving of coach-lace, I ascertain the character of the several motions required, and the relations these must sustain to each other in order to effect the combined result; secondly, I devise means to produce these motions ; and thirdly, I combine these means and reduce them to a state of harmonious co-operation. To carry an invention through its first and second stages is comparatively easy. The first is simply an investigation of facts ; the second, so far as I can trace the operation of my own mind, comes through the exercise of the imagination. I am never at a loss for means in the sense above explained. On the contrary, my chief difficulty is to select from the variety always at command those which are most appropriate. To make this choice of the elementary means and to combine them in unity and harmony — to conduct, that is, an invention through its last practical stages — constitutes the chief labor. In making this choice of the elementary parts one must reason from what is known to what is not so, — keeping in mind, at the same time, the necessary combinations, examining each element, not only in refer-ence to its peculiar function, but to its fitness also for becoming a part of the whole. Each device must be thus examined and re-examined until harmony and unity are fully established. I find no difficulty in effecting that concentration of thought which is so necessary in pur-suits like mine. Indeed, it is not easy for me to withdraw my mind from any subject in which it has once become interested, until its general bearings, at least, are fully ascertained. I always mature in my mind the general plan of an invention before attempting to execute it, resorting occasionally to sketches on paper for the more intricate parts. In building a machine, a draughtsman prepares the working-drawings from sketches furnished by me, which indicate in figures the proportions of the parts. I never make any thing with my own hands. I do not like even drawing to a scale.”

He took out fifty patents in the United States, most of them connected with the textile arts.\* His more important inventions, aside from those devoted to special industries, were revolving tenters for stretching and drying ginghams ; mechanism for imparting and reversing the movement of power looms ; mechanism for regulating the tension and delivery of the warps ; harness-operating mechanism ; the friction brake-stop mechanism, now applied to power looms generally, controlling the movement of the loom when thrown out of gear, &c. His prudence and sagacity enabled him to reap the fruit of his own inventions except in a single instance. On the basis of his inventions were successively built the mills of the Clinton Company for the manufacture of coach-lace, subsequently sold and removed to Philadelphia ; of the Clinton Wire Cloth Company ; the Lancaster Mills, for the manufacture of ginghams ; the Bigelow Carpet Company, for the manufacture of Brussels and Wilton carpets. The product of the carpet mills in three years equalled the entire importation of English Brussels at the time of starting.

In the autumn of 1860 — a time of intense political feeling — Mr. Bigelow was nominated as a candidate to Congress by the Democrats of the Fourth (Suffolk) District. He was not successful. But the canvass, though conducted with the spirit of the times, was free from personalities or any thing calculated to wound the self-respect of candidates. From that time Mr. Bigelow recognized no party allegiance, preferring to be free to oppose or support public measures according to his unbiased judgment of their merits.

With something like the same intellectual sagacity and precision which he gave to his inventions, he dealt with public interests. Being chosen in the late autumn of 1864 first President of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, he at once prepared a statement of which the leading idea was the community of interests between the great industries of the country, and especially between "men whose pursuits are different yet allied, — as between those, for instance, who grow the raw material and those who manufacture it."

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\* In 1869 Mr. Bigelow presented to the Library of our Society six large volumes, entitled "Inventions of Erastus Brigham Bigelow, Patented in England from 1837 to 1868," and comprising the printed specifications of eighteen of his inventions which had been patented in England up to that time. Among Mr. Goddard's memoranda are careful abstracts, in his own handwriting, of these specifications. It is not probable that he intended to insert them in his Memoir ; but the fact that he made them deserves mention, as showing the thoroughness of his preparation for the duty assigned him. — C. C. S.

This was the first suggestion of the close and intimate alliance between the wool-growers and wool manufacturers of the country, which for the last fifteen years of Mr. Bigelow's life swayed the legislation of the country, and was the basis and impulse of their common prosperity. This is not the place to rehearse the successive steps by which the delicate and difficult task was accomplished; the breaking down of the presumption of hostile interests; the forcing of long-standing prejudices; the removal of deeply seated suspicions; the harmonizing of petty differences and large oppositions in support of one scheme sufficiently broad, just, practical, and wise to shield them all.

Mr. Bigelow was a clear, methodical, and elegant writer, if simplicity and precision of language chosen perfectly to express thought is a sign of elegance. He was never moved to write for the sake of writing, but always to correct what he believed to be current errors of opinion, and to afford more intelligent grounds for those who substantially agreed with him on the most rational and expedient public policy. His first printed treatise, in 1858, on the depressed state of our manufactures, was called forth by the circumstances of the time. His next and most important work, "The Tariff Question, Considered in Regard to the Policy of England and the Interests of the United States," published in 1862, is a large quarto, the text forming less than one third, and the rest being a carefully selected body of tables forming "the most precious collection of instructive economical facts ever published in this country." In 1877 he published "The Tariff Policy of England and the United States Contrasted," which had a wide circulation and great influence in this and other countries.\*

[Mr. Bigelow's remarkable powers as an inventor did not fail of ample recognition. Four colleges conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts,—Williams, in 1845; Yale, in 1852; Dartmouth, in 1854; and Harvard, in 1861;

\* In addition to the works here named, Mr. Bigelow delivered in 1869, before the American Institute of New York, an "Address on the Wool Industry of the United States," which was extensively circulated in pamphlets and newspapers. In 1878 he contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly" a very able article on "The Relations of Labor and Capital," and he was the author of many contributions to current publications. At the meeting of our Society in November, 1876, he gave a short and very interesting account of the origin and growth of Clinton. When he was requested by the Committee to write out his remarks for publication in the Proceedings, he said that as soon as he could find time to do so he would prepare a fuller account, and make it a Communication in the usual form. Unfortunately he was not able to do this.—C. C. S.

and in 1867 he received from Amherst College the degree of Doctor of Laws. He was elected a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society in April, 1864, and a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in January, 1866. Beside these honors he was made a member of the London Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.

Though Mr. Bigelow did so much for Clinton that he may be regarded almost as its founder, he was not in later years a resident of the town. His home was in Boston ; and about six months of every year were passed on his farm in North Conway, New Hampshire, to which he was greatly attached. There his active mind found abundant and pleasant occupation in planning improvements, erecting farm buildings, and devising efficient methods of irrigation.

In the best sense of the term he was a man of large public spirit. He was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and a steadfast friend of its devoted President, the late William B. Rogers. He was also a Trustee of the Museum of Fine Arts, and a valued counsellor in not a few business corporations. "Though shrinking always from public notoriety, and especially averse to the conflicts and exaggerations of political life, he was always ready to respond to every reasonable demand upon his time, his labor, or his fortune."

The strain on its powers to which Mr. Bigelow's mind had been so long and so often subjected, was not without effect. There was no apparent loss of physical or mental vigor, but not the less certain was the result. On the 6th of December, 1879, while transacting business in his own office, he had an attack of apoplexy, which terminated fatally in the afternoon of the same day. He had had a busy and prosperous career, he had built up an ample fortune, and he left an unsullied reputation. The prosperous community which his genius called into being is his enduring monument.]

MEMOIR  
OF  
DELANO A. GODDARD, A.M.  
BY CHARLES C. SMITH.

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DELANO ALEXANDER GODDARD was born in Worcester, Aug. 27, 1831, and was the youngest son of Benjamin and Sally (Stockwell) Goddard. The father was a man of inflexible integrity, — cold in speech and manner, but with generous impulses and broad sympathies, — an early advocate of the temperance cause, and an antislavery man, but never an extremist. He carried his principles into his daily life, and under his own roof there was no difference in the treatment of negroes and whites. Financial embarrassment overtook him in middle life, and deprived the older boys of the liberal education he intended for them ; but with returning prosperity he paid all his debts, with interest added. The mother was a quiet, gentle woman, with refined tastes, fond of home, and wholly devoted to her family. In the son it was easy to see the blended traits of both parents, — an undemonstrative manner, generous impulses, a calm, clear judgment, sturdy uprightness, an innate refinement, and devotion to family and friends. His early education was in the Worcester schools, and from the first he exhibited a marked fondness for reading and study.

His father was a wire-manufacturer, and while at school the boy's half-holidays were spent in the mill. One day while he was standing at his machine, book in hand, as he was accustomed to do, his father came along, and in a somewhat austere manner said : "Delano, do you want to go to college ?" The boy could have had little hesitation. "Yes, sir!" was his answer. "Well," was the simple, explicit direction, "go home, change your clothes, and go to the academy to be examined." Nothing more was said. He was admitted to the academy, passed through the course with credit, and at graduating delivered the valedictory. It im-



D. A. Goddard  
Aug 27. - 1877.

pressed those who heard it by the vigor of thought and polish of style.

Having completed his preparatory studies, he entered Brown University in 1849. He remained only a year, and then went to New Haven, and, joining the Sophomores of Yale College, graduated with credit in a class of exceptional distinction, — the class of 1853. Though warmly attached to his college, and with a good deal of the class feeling, he had few intimate friends at this time. But in spite of his shyness he won esteem by the moral and mental qualities which characterized him through life, and he was reputed to be one of the best writers in the college. "I remember my first meeting him as if it were yesterday," says one of the most distinguished of his classmates. "It was in the division room of our class at Yale. He read an essay. The nobility of the thought, the clearness of the language, at once seized upon my attention; and from that moment I have held him in honor." His college life must have left pleasant recollections, for in later years he often went back to Commencement, and he was one of the founders of the Association of Yale Alumni in Boston and its Vicinity.

After graduating he went West to seek his fortune, and like many other young men of high aims, but without the self-confident assurance and the social tastes so needful for success in a new country, he failed at first to find congenial employment. Unwilling, at the age of twenty-two, to fall back on his father for assistance, he spent some months in Cleveland, Ohio, supporting himself by his own exertions. He then went to the little town of Painesville, and entered the office of the local paper, the Painesville "Herald," and began his career as a journalist, — the profession which he had deliberately chosen before leaving college. Here he remained about a year, and then returned to Worcester. The following year was spent at home; and in 1856 he came to Boston, and was for a few months connected editorially with the "Chronicle," a small and short-lived daily paper. Early in 1857 he returned again to Worcester, and became associate editor of the Worcester "Transcript." Subsequently he became associate editor of the "Massachusetts Spy," writing most of the leading articles; and, during the absence of the editor-in-chief in Washington as a member of Congress, he had the sole management of the paper, then as now one of the most influential papers in the State.

While in Worcester, at the annual election in November, 1861, and again in November, 1867, he was chosen a member

of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. All his tastes, however, were opposed to public and official life, and on no other occasion does he appear to have allowed his name to be used as a candidate for any public office. But he did not refuse to be one of the trustees of the Worcester Public Library, in which capacity he served from November, 1867, until his removal to Boston. Writing to his class secretary some years after graduating, he said he had had no honors, “unless the respect of the community in which I live is one, and that I trust I have received.”

On the 30th of June, 1863, he was married to Miss Martha Howland Le Baron, of Worcester,—a lady singularly qualified to make his home happy. “I never saw a happier home,” says one who passed several weeks under his roof near the close of his life. “I never saw a happier husband. Whatever sadness or anxiety his face had upon it in the street or in his office, it all gave way to an indescribably peaceful and joyous look in the presence of his wife, and in the serenity of his own home; and if the company there was not large, or if you could draw him aside for a chat by yourself, there and then you might get to know Goddard truly,—the warmth of his affections, the grace of that courtesy of his, too sincere and too shy for large assemblies, his wise judgments on life, on men, on books, the breadth and accuracy of his knowledge, his loyalty to friendship, his faith in the unseen verities and potencies, his faith in the victorious strength of principle.”

In April, 1868, he was appointed editor of the Boston “Daily Advertiser,” and at once removed to Boston and entered on his new duties, though he continued to serve as a member of the House of Representatives until the adjournment of the Legislature in June. The life of the chief editor of an influential paper in a great city is not likely to be an eventful one. His time and his thoughts must be devoted to a single object; and in proportion as he merges his own individuality in that of the paper, does he discharge his high functions. Constant vigilance as to what goes into it, untiring mental activity, and multifarious knowledge is the price he must pay for gaining and holding the public confidence. He must see that personal or party prejudice does not color or distort the daily record of current events, that all editorial discussions of vexed questions shall proceed from an adequate acquaintance with the subject, and be conducted according to high aims and principles. If he wishes to guide and mould public opinion, the paper must be up to or in advance of the best sentiment of the community, and he must

never allow his motives to be open to suspicion. Mr. Goddard felt fully the responsibility of his position, and was always alert to make the paper conform to his own high ideals. Though he was obliged to write much for it himself, he did not write overmuch. He was always ready to welcome new writers; and for the treatment of special subjects he sought the assistance of the persons best qualified for their discussion.

In the young men who passed through the office from time to time, and then entered other fields of labor, he felt a deep interest. "He took me a raw youth from college, with little experience, and trained me in the highest school of journalism," says one who has since acquired distinction. "His counsel aided largely in giving direction to my reading and thinking. His encouragement rewarded my office labors, and stimulated my zeal. And his advice and support sent me to Europe, opened for me new opportunities for journalistic and literary work, and, I may say, indirectly led the way to academic engagements." Childless himself, he watched with sympathetic interest the growth and development of the children of his friends passing through college or pursuing their studies abroad.

As an editor Mr. Goddard was characterized by great breadth of view and a judicial fairness of mind. His tastes were catholic, and he was ready to recognize merit wherever it existed. Though quick to decide when the moment for decision came, he first had recourse to all the available sources of information, and then weighed his authorities with a singular freedom from prejudice. As he approached middle life he revised and modified some of the opinions of his early years, and did not hesitate to say so, and to add that the men with whom he always sympathized had failed to do justice to those whom they opposed. Few men at that period of life grow so much as Mr. Goddard grew after he became responsible editor of the "Advertiser." There was no case-hardening of early prejudices, if he ever had any, but a steady and natural growth both morally and intellectually. He was an indefatigable worker, and was always at his desk, or wherever personal oversight of any department of the paper might call him. An occasional short vacation was all the recreation he allowed himself. "I did not get away Tuesday," he wrote to a friend not many months before his death. "Ten thousand things prevented; but I hope to go to-morrow morning, and get out of the tangle till Monday. I pray for a peaceful Sunday among the Berkshire hills."

Though frail and somewhat delicate in appearance, he had naturally a strong constitution and great recuperative power. In the early spring of 1876 he had a serious illness, which gave his friends much anxiety; but he soon recovered from it and hastened back to his work. A sea voyage, however, seemed almost absolutely necessary for his entire restoration, and early in May he went to England, where he spent a month, and reached home in the latter part of June. Among other places he visited Oxford and the Isle of Wight, but he did not go over to the Continent. While in London he was again seriously ill, and was under the care of a physician. To one who loved home so much as did Mr. Goddard, absence and the loneliness of a great city are always depressing; and he could not but feel their effect. "Thank you heartily for your letter," he wrote to a friend. "It was all the more welcome because I can't be out all day, and the hours when I am at the hotel alone are sometimes very long. All the things you wrote about I was glad to know, but more than all that you were so thoughtful of my forlorn condition. Disabled and half-equipped as I am, I have seen a great many interesting things, and yet I have hardly begun the rounds. I don't know that I shall make the attempt, for next week I am going to the Isle of Wight for a few days, and that will make my stay here exceedingly short. If I get better, as I hope to, perhaps I can come again some time under better circumstances. If not, just as well. Occasionally I feel like a tainted wether of the flock, but it does not last long, — just long enough to make the future seem a little uncertain, without taking all the light out of it." Short as his absence was, the enforced rest, the change of scene, and the sea voyage — for he was always fond of the sea — proved a permanent benefit to him. He came home obviously better; and his health steadily improved afterward.

In the early part of 1880 he made a somewhat extended tour through the Southern and Western States, and was absent from his post for several weeks, largely, no doubt, for the purpose of ascertaining from his own observations what was the political and social condition of that part of the country. In this journey he made many new friends, and became personally acquainted with the needs of many of the local institutions of a literary and scientific character which had suffered severely from the effects of the Rebellion.

Among the questions in which Mr. Goddard took a deep interest, that of the relations of the United States with the Indians deserves special mention. He felt that great wrong

had been done to the latter, and especially that the removal of the Ponca tribe from their reservation was an act of flagrant injustice. He made it the subject of very earnest discussion in his paper, sought by personal appeal to awaken the interest of others, and went to Washington to plead the cause of the Indians. It was mainly through his efforts that a Commission was appointed to investigate the whole subject; and not the least remarkable of the tributes to his unselfish life were the speeches made a few weeks after his death at a council of the Omaha Indians. "Now that our friend is dead, we can only ask those who live to pity us as he pitied us," are the touching words of one of the most intelligent of these Indians. It was only a conspicuous instance of Mr. Goddard's unstinting generosity and deep sympathy with men and women in distress. His ear was always open to the appeal of any one who needed help. From his own resources he gave as he was able; and he interested men of ampler means in the cases with which he had become personally familiar. In a way, and to an extent, of which his friends knew very little while he lived, he helped those who were unable to help themselves and who had no claim on him except a common humanity,—a claim made stronger by sickness, physical inability, or unrequited public service.

Mr. Goddard was too busy and too devoted to his professional duty to attempt much literary work outside of the columns of his own paper. But in February, 1880, he read before the Historic, Genealogical Society a valuable and instructive paper on "Newspapers and Newspaper Writers in New England, 1787-1815," which was afterward printed in a pamphlet of nearly forty pages. In the same month he read before the Yale Alumni Association of Boston and its Vicinity a short and well-considered paper on the necessity of keeping the balance of powers in civil institutions even and true, which was afterward privately printed under the title of "Guards and Safeguards." On the publication of the most recent edition of the *Speeches of Daniel Webster*, he contributed to the number of the "Atlantic Monthly" for January, 1880, a short and very excellent article on Mr. Webster's characteristics as an orator and statesman. Earlier than these,—in April, 1870,—an article which he had written for his own paper, on the connection of Increase and Cotton Mather with the witchcraft delusion, was reprinted by Mr. Henry Stevens in a little volume of thirty-two pages, with the quaint title, "The Mathers weighed in the Balances by Delano A. Goddard, M.A., and found not wanting." But

it is by his thorough and masterly chapters on "The Press and Literature of the Provincial Period," and on "The Pulpit, Press, and Literature of the Revolution," in the "Memorial History of Boston," that Mr. Goddard will be best known as a writer. They were the fruit of careful and diligent study, and are marked by the breadth of knowledge and fairness of mind which are stamped on every thing he wrote, and by great clearness and vigor of style. If he had done nothing else, they alone would be sufficient to give him an established place among the influential writers of his time. At his death he had nearly completed a Memoir of the late Erastus B. Bigelow, for publication in the Proceedings of the Historical Society. The abundance of the materials he had collected for this purpose shows how thorough he meant to be in every thing he undertook.

Mr. Goddard was unanimously elected a member of the Historical Society in October, 1874; and at the Annual Meeting in April, 1879, he was elected a member of the Council. At his death he was chairman of the Executive Committee of that body. In the discussions in the Council he did not take a prominent part, but he was always ready to state his views clearly and modestly, and his opinions had great weight with his associates. Few members have been more regular in their attendance at the meetings of the Council or of the Society; and he was often at the rooms at other times for study and investigation as to matters in which he was specially interested. He was elected a member of the American Antiquarian Society at the Annual Meeting in October, 1880, and was present at the Semi-annual Meeting held in Boston in the following April. This was the only meeting of the Society he was able to attend, though he was greatly interested in its objects. He took the degree of Master of Arts, in regular course, at Yale College in 1856.

Early in January, 1882, Mr. Goddard had a severe attack of pneumonia. After apparently yielding to medical treatment, the first attack was followed by a second, which terminated fatally, at half-past one on the morning of January 11. It was just a week from the time he said "Good-night" to his associates in the office, as he finished his last day's work. A few hours later the announcement of his death was made in his own paper in words which fitly expressed the loss the whole community had sustained. That sense of loss was further shown in the great company which gathered at his funeral in King's Chapel to testify their respect to his memory. The services were simple, as beffited his character and

tastes ; but out of full hearts and from ample knowledge, two of his associates in this Society, the Rev. Henry W. Foote and the Rev. Edward E. Hale, bore testimony to his rare ability and his spotless character. From the Chapel, at which he had been a regular attendant during his residence in Boston, his mortal remains were carried to their final resting-place in the beautiful rural cemetery of his native city.

It has been said that nothing is so evanescent as the fame of a great lawyer. The remark is even more true of the editor of a great and influential newspaper. To the larger part of the constituency which looks to it for the proper moulding of public opinion the editor has no distinct individuality, and even his name is often unknown. The articles which he writes, or causes to be written by others, produce an immediate and deep impression ; but as new questions arise the old questions and the leading articles which helped to their settlement are forgotten. No one except an historical student thinks of reading the newspaper articles of last year or of any previous year, though they may have changed the course of events and inspired movements of permanent usefulness. Mr. Goddard confined himself so exclusively to the work of his profession that he left no adequate memorial of his powers as a thinker and writer. His own reputation, therefore, like that of other men of his profession, must be mainly traditional ; but the good he did will live after him in many a beneficent result to which his pen largely contributed.